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South Side Views.

DR. WHEDON AND THE FATHERS.

—ALSO,—

DR. HAYGOOD'S "OUR BROTHER IN BLACK."

BY REV. W. J. SCOTT,

NORTH GEORGIA CONFERENCE.

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ATLANTA, GEORGIA:

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1883.

Figure 1. A schematic diagram of the experimental setup.

South Side Views.

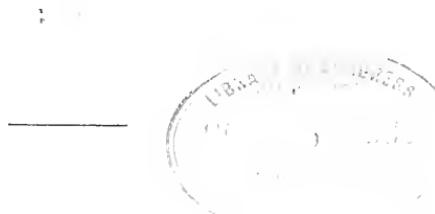
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PREFACE.

A word of explanation may be due the reader. The reply to Dr. Whedon was prompted not so much by his rude attack on myself, as by his reckless and rufianly defamation of the South.

Both parts of my Review of "Our Brother in Black" are sent forth on their merits. We offer no apology for their publication. This or something of like sort is a necessity of the times.

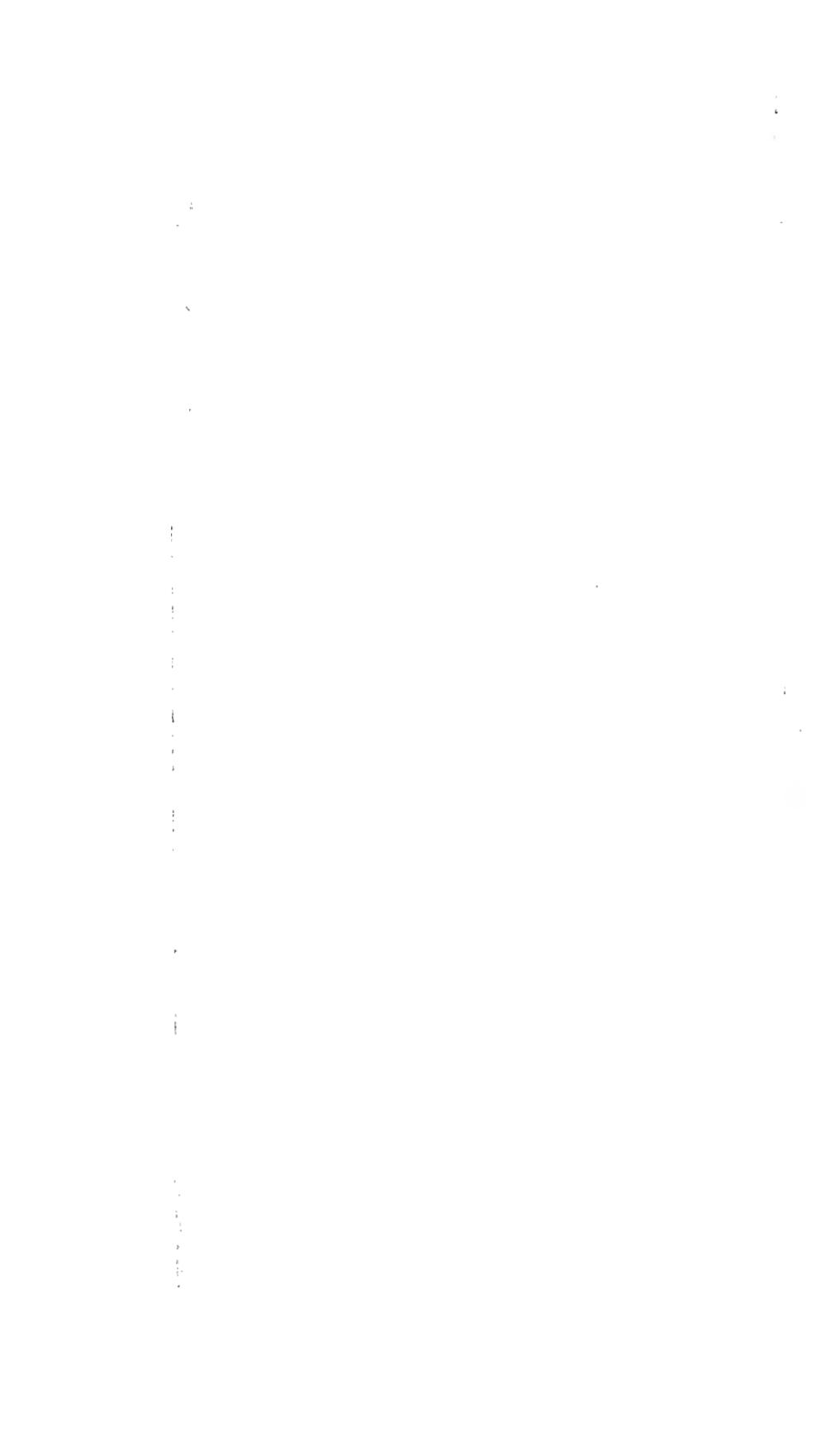
All that is precious and peerless in our characteristic civilization is more or less directly involved in these discussions. In fifty years, said Napoleon, "Europe will be Republican or Cossack." It is virtually true, as every thoughtful mind that looks beneath the surface of political affairs will acknowledge, that the former alternative is close at hand.

Fifty years hence either the Greek or Asiatic type of government and civilization will be fully established and entrenched on this continent.

With the South these are pre-eminently vital questions. Her sons, perchance, must choose between the traditions of the fathers and a puritanical dogmatism—that threatens not her existence merely, but menaces her with the unspeakably greater calamity of Mexican and South American mongrelism.

THE AUTHOR.

CARROLLTON, GA.



BISHOP J. O. ANDREW.

Life and Letters of James Osgood Andrew. By REV. G. G. SMITH, A. M. Southern Methodist Publishing House, Nashville, Tenn. J. W. Burke & Co., Macon, Ga.

Hero-worship is the inspiration of all biographical excellence. This fact explains the singular literary paradox of the Eighteenth century that James Boswell, confessedly the prince of toadies, was likewise the very paragon of biographers. When George Smith, about twelve months ago, read us a number of manuscript pages from his forthcoming Life of Bishop Andrew, we at once recognized his aptitude for the work he had undertaken. When, besides this, we ascertained that his general plan was similar to that of Carlyle in his Life of Cromwell, and also of Trevellyan in his Life of Macaulay, we then and there prophesied the success which he has clearly achieved.

His ardent love and boundless admiration for Bishop Andrew, were the primary conditions of his success. But apart from these merely personal considerations, his theme was one of the best in the entire range of Methodist Biography.

It is true that Bishop Andrew stood on the border line of the heroic age of American Methodism when he donned his Episcopal robes. The romance of Episcopacy had ceased with Asbury and McKendree. But notwithstanding this, Andrew was of the same heroic mould and mettle with these illustrious men.

We had met him at Annual Conferences and admired him greatly, both as a presiding officer and preacher. But in 1862, while occupying the Wesley Chapel parsonage in At-

lanta, he was our honored guest for nearly a week. "No man," says the French proverb, "is a hero to his *valet de chambre*." The Bishop at least was an exception. We saw him *en deshabille*. Despite the disparity of age he unbosomed himself to us as a brother. Now and then, without undue self-assertion, he volunteered words of fatherly counsel. Yet, in these graver and more thoughtful moods, there was no Sir Oracle dogmatism. For our entertainment he occasionally fought over the battles of his ministerial life, and modestly showed us how hard fought fields were won. And as Desdemona was charmed by Othello's recital of his travels, history, and "the battle sieges, fortunes he had passed," so we were deeply fascinated by his unpretentious narrative of the experiences and adventures of a long and eventful itinerant career.

At this time he gave us at our own urgent request a minute account of that most notable event of his life, his virtual deposition by the General Conference of 1844.

He interspersed the general history with vivid sketches of the leaders of both sections, with occasional side glimpses that revealed the true inwardness of the grand conflict. There was, however, neither in word or manner, the slightest exhibition of unseemly temper. But it was evident that the wounds inflicted by some envious Casca, or some beloved Brutus, were not yet fully cicatrized.

Henceforth we deeply revered the man and were evermore jealous of his fame. While therefore we place Brother Smith's life far above the average of similar publications, we are constrained to notice some errors and defects that mar its beauty and excellence. These, we trust, will be corrected in a subsequent edition.

The first occurs in one of the initial chapters in which he unnecessarily muddles the Revolutionary History of Georgia. Having correctly traced the lineage of Bishop Andrew in the paternal line to the original Dorchester colonists, who, after various nomadic movements, finally settled within the present limits of Liberty county, Ga., he says, with seeming gusto that, when the fires of the Revolution were

kindled, "the Puritan blood was the first to boil." *These colonists from which have sprung a goodly number of our best Georgia families were not in any just sense Puritans. They were simply non-conformists, with a Presbyterian creed and Congregational discipline. There was a broad distinction between the Presbyterian and Puritan factions, both religiously and politically, during the Cromwellian era. The former might be styled the Girondists, and the latter the Jacobins of that gigantic struggle. Fairfax, one of the foremost champions of Parliament, and many others, had no cordial sympathy with that wretched fanaticism which began its career with a regicide, and ended with a Dictatorship under the *alias* of a Protectorate. But whether these colonists were Puritan or otherwise, they did not merit the preëminence which Brother Smith assigns them.

Gov. Wright's letter, so often relied upon to establish that fact, fails to show that they were at all in advance of the Scotch settlement at Darien, in Georgia. The McIntoshes and their compatriots were hereditary enemies of the Hanover dynasty. Hundreds of their kindred were out in 1715 and 1745, in defense of the principles of the old crown and covenant party of Scotland. These were the same principles for which their remote ancestors fought Cromwell at Doon and Dunbar.

The Midway colonists, under the leadership of Sereven and Lyman Hall, manifested a disposition to act independently of the other parishes of the Province. But when the tug of war came, Lachlan McIntosh commanded the first regiment of troops, and Joseph Habersham, of Savannah, Georgia, was the acknowledged head of the Revolutionary movement in the colony. If St. John's parish contributed two hundred barrels of rice to the suffering Bostonians, the Savannah Whigs, by a timely capture, furnished the gunpowder with which the battle of Bunker's Hill was fought.

*That the Midway Church was essentially Presbyterian is probable from the fact, that three white churches, all Presbyterian, have been since formed from it—at Walthourville, Dorechester and Flemington. It is true that a colored Presbyterian Church occupies the old building, and a colored Congregational Church is found in the county.

The whole question as to the comparative patriotism of Puritan and Cavalier was adjudged by Edmund Burke in the House of Commons. In the course of a memorable debate on the American Crisis, he stated that the Southern Colonies were more ardently and stubbornly attached to liberty than those to the Northward. Furthermore, let it be proclaimed in Boston and published in the streets of Philadelphia, that Burke attributed this to the fact that, like Greece and Rome, they were slave-holding communities.

Another error that we note is the statement that the Bishop's meeting which was appointed to be held in Atlanta in April, 1862, failed to convene at the designated time and place. As this meeting was a sort of missing link in the series of General Conferences, it may be well to publish in this connection a synopsis of its proceedings.

On April 10th, 1862, an informal meeting of the Bishops, Board of Missions, etc., was held in the parlor of Joseph Winship, on Peachtree street, Atlanta. There were present, Bishops Andrew, Pierce and Early. Bishop Paine wrote regretting his inability to be present; Bishops Soulé and Kavanaugh sent no written communications, but did send oral messages to the body. Besides the bishops, Drs. McTyere, McFerrin and Houston, and Joseph Wheless, Esq. Also present by invitation, Revs. W. J. Parks, W. J. Scott and G. G. N. MacDonell, who were requested to take part in the deliberations of the meeting. This, it will be remembered, was shortly after the downfall of Forts Henry and Donelson, and the dear-bought victory at Shiloh. The political and ecclesiastical outlook was unpromising, if not discouraging. Amongst other business transacted was the apportionment of the Episcopal salaries to certain specified Conferences. South Carolina, Georgia and Florida were to provide for Bishop Pierce, and in like manner were the other bishops to be provided for in the different Conferences. It was declared to be inexpedient in the existing state of affairs to hold a General Conference earlier than May, 1863. Dr. McFerrin, Missionary Secretary, made a laconic and characteristic report: "No money in hand, no debts except outstanding drafts against the Secretary."

An appeal was made to the church for \$6,000.00 for the China Mission and \$30,000.00 for general purposes. A resolution was also agreed to providing for the consolidation of the *Christian* and *Southern Christian Advocates*, under the editorial control of Drs. McTyere and Myers. The session continued two days, Bishop Andrew, President, L. D. Huston, Secretary. These matters, however, are relatively of minor significance. They were possibly the result of oversight, or of needless haste in preparing the book for the press.

But we come to a graver defect that must materially discount its value as a permanent contribution to Methodist literature.

Brother Smith apologizes in his preface for any allusion to the events of 1844. In the body of his work he is careful to say that he shall refrain from any comments on the transactions of that memorable General Conference. Why this ominous silence in the biographer of James O. Andrew? We shall not impugn the motive, but we will say he missed his grandest opportunity. The General Conference of 1844 was the central event in the history of Bishop Andrew. It was to him what the Synod of Dort was to Arminius, what the Council of Constance was to John Huss and Jerome of Prague. Never did the Bishop exhibit such sublime moral courage as when, after a momentary weakness, he confronted with the heroism of a martyr the ruthless majority arrayed against him, and intent on overwhelming him with sheer dint of numbers. This might well serve as a companion piece to that of Luther as he stood face to face with Charles V. in the Diet of Worms.

In that august assemblage of 1844 there were such master spirits as Winans, of Mississippi, and Smith, of Virginia, whose masterly arguments and mighty appeals smote upon the ear of a continent like the ponderous blows of a trip-hammer. There, too, was the younger Pierce, his face aglow with the light of genius, if not inspiration, as he exclaimed: "Let New England go." It was but little short of the thrilling eloquence with which Cicero scourged the guilty Pro-

consul of Sicily, or drove Cataline and his fellow conspirators from the Senate Chamber. Indeed, New England had long troubled our Methodist Israel, as she had been from the beginning a rankling thorn in the national body politic.

There, too, was Capers, the founder of negro missions, and glorious McFerrin and Henry Bidleman Bascom, and in the back ground a noble constituency stretching from Maryland to Texas.

No comments for a scene like this? Why that picture has an intrinsic value that can hardly be estimated. The time may come when Macaulay's New Zealand artist shall sit on the broken arches of London Bridge and sketch the ruins of St. Paul's, and when New York, like mighty Babylon, shall be "a habitation for dragons and a court for owls;" for the ruins of empires are amongst the common places of history, and the seats of commerce and wealth are unstable and shifting as desert sands. All this may transpire ere that scene shall fade from the canvass of history. Indeed, all material grandeur is changeful as the imagery of cloud-land, but truth outlasts the pyramids, for the eternal years of God are her inheritance.

DeQuincy, a time-serving essayist, sneered at the action of the Free Church of Scotland in 1843. A procession of several hundred clergymen, headed by Thomas Chalmers, going forth from St. Andrews Church, Edinburgh, for the sake of Christ and the purity of His Church, was hardly a spectacle for a clownish jest or a fiendish grimace. By this act they abandoned all hope of political emolument or ecclesiastical preferment. Very many of them were gray-haired veterans who thereby surrendered the churches they had founded and the comfortable manses they had builded. They went forth into a moral wilderness to lay anew the foundations of a Church unpolluted with the stain of Erastianism, and unfettered by the chains of lay patronage. Were they right? Let the records of its marvelous growth during the forty intervening years answer the inquiry.

This Edinburgh picture in 1843 was duplicated in New York in 1844. New England must be propitiated even if

Andrew's Episcopal head should fall. The same spirit that pilloried and scourged the Quakers, and drove Roger Williams to Rhode Island and Providence plantations, that massacred the Pequods and Narragansets, and sold the miserable remnant into slavery in Barbadoes; the same Massachusetts and Rhode Island who, for mercenary purposes, helped to extend the African slave-trade twenty years over the heads of Delaware and South Carolina. These men, whose sires had waxed fat on the traffic in human flesh, were now in hot pursuit of Bishop Andrew for the sin of slave-holding, not by purchase, but by inheritance. To this deep-mouthing baying of the Boston kennel there was added the shrill cry of *Tray, Blanche and Sweetheart* from the other hostile Conferences. Upon this accusation, without the semblance of a trial, but by a simple resolution of the body, he was suspended indefinitely from his Episcopal functions. In vain did the Southern minority protest against this monstrous iniquity. The Moloch of anti-slavery fanaticism must be appeased at the expense of justice and every other cardinal virtue of Heathen and Christian morality. It was done by the tyranny of a mob, or else the ruling of a star-chamber tribunal. The majority may accept either horn of the dilemma. After no little diplomatic maneuvering, a formal separation was agreed upon, subject to the ratification of the Southern Conferences. Even this measure of pacification was repudiated by the succeeding Northern General Conference. The Southern Church finally secured her chartered rights, at the end of a tedious and expensive litigation. But even a Supreme Court decision could not curb the rapacity of the Northern Church. In solemn council, our Church, from the Bishops downward, were adjudged guilty of treason for defending against invasion their altars and their fires.

Some of the Northern Bishops invoked the aid of military satraps to eject us from our churches and parsonages. In numerous localities we were stigmatized from our own pulpits as graceless reprobates and Christless rebels. The sober second thought of the nation rebuked this proscriptive spirit.

Failing in this scheme of military seizure, they sought by means of missionary appropriations and intimidation to disintegrate and absorb. To that policy they owe their limited success in a few of the backwoods settlements of the South. Another change has come over "the spirit of their dream." Their only hope now is to compass their object by organic union. This project, plausible as it may appear to some, is a predestined failure. It at least, can only be consummated by the utter disruption of the Southern Church. For right confident are we that an overwhelming majority of the clergy and laity of that church will never submit their necks to the yoke of a Northern majority.

But to return to Bishop Andrew. This grand man "did not lag superfluous on the stage," but labored with indomitable will to the utmost of his failing strength. His life-work completed and rounded into beautiful symmetry, he was ready for his chariot of fire. As Bacon says, "the sweetest canticle is *Nunc Dimittis* to one who has obtained worthy ends and expectations." This was true in an eminent degree of him whose resplendent gifts and graces are so well embalmed in the handsome memorial volume we have had under review.

This much, therefore, but not by way of vindication, have we thought due the memory of this illustrious servant of God. Beneath the classic shades of his own beloved Oxford he quietly awaits the resurrection of the just.

In some sort he was the last Bishop of the Asburyan type. Nor would it be unbecoming, whatever the destiny of the church he loved and served so long, to engrave on his monument the simple inscription: Bishop James O. Andrew: *Ultimus Romanorum.*

DR. WHEDON'S STRICTURES.

Quarterly review of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, April, 1883.
(Macon Georgia.)

In the hands of the new editor, Dr. Hinton, our Quarterly South attains a new and, we trust, a better era. We have no longer in the editorship the politico-ecclesiastical bitterness of Dr. Bledsoe, nor the intense pro slavery sectionalism of Dr. Summers. The editor, though flinging in an occasional sectional and obstructive utterance, reveals a sympathy with the Young South. In this Quarterly the names of the authors are fairly given; but as they are not, we are sorry to say, given in the table of contents they may often fail to appear in our synopsis.

We especially note in the present number the admirable article on "Bushnell," by President Carlisle; "Prohibition and Temperance," by Walter B. Hill, Esq.; and "Bishop Andrew," by Rev. W. J. Scott. Mr. Hill's article is a powerful document, and indicates that our Southern brethren are marshaling rapidly and bravely in the temperance cause.

The blemish of the number is the article on the venerated Bishop. Its denunciations of the Abolitionists are precisely parallel to the ravings of the rumsellers at the temperance men. We give a specimen or so of its howls. The first is the following historic untruth regarding the Northern delegates in the General Conference of 1844: "These men whose sires had waxed fat on the traffic of human flesh, were now in hot pursuit of Bishop Andrew for the sin of slave-holding, not by purchase, but by inheritance. To this deep-mouthed baying of the Boston kennel,

there was added the shrill cry of Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart from the other hostile conferences," p. 332.

There was not, we may safely say, ever a New England Methodist, or a New England Methodist's father or "sire," who bought, held or sold a slave. If there were men in New England who did hold slaves, how were the anti-slavery men of New England responsible for their crime, any more than Mr. Scott is responsible for the rum-sellers in his state? The first war of the New England anti-slavery men was against slavery and slave trade in their own states, and they abolished both. If any of the slave dealers or holders sold their slaves when emancipation was accomplished, how were the abolitionists responsible for that? Surely Mr. Hill's mouth is not closed from denouncing drunkenness in this Quarterly, because there are rum-sellers and drunkards in his native section? Mr. Hill probably imagines that that is the reason why his mouth should be wide open. And just so thought Northern Abolitionists upon the slavery question. Howl the second sounds as follows: "The Moloch of anti-slavery fanaticism must be appeased at the expense of justice and every other cardinal virtue of heathen and Christian morality. It was done by the tyranny of a mob, or else by the ruling of a star-chamber tribunal." p. 332. Rumsellers would say, "the Moloch of total abstinence fanaticism." Why was anti-slavery a "Moloch!" Did it raise an auction block on which human beings, sometimes handsome young mulatto girls, were sacrificed to the highest bidder? Did it forbid education of its victims, in order that they might be brutalized into total subjection to their oppressors? Did it ever keep a blood-hound to chase the footsteps of the helpless fugitive? Did it ever subject its kidnapped victims and their offspring to the driver's whip, lashing them to toil, and then appropriating the income? O, no! It simply proclaimed liberty to the captive, asserted the rights of humanity, maintained the truth of the first sentence of our Declaration of Independence, and demanded the peaceful emancipation of four millions of native born Americans

from the despotic system that “spared not man in its cruelty, nor woman in its lust.” No; it was that system, the slave power which was the true Moloch, the Moloch of which Mr. Scott is the imbecile worshipper and infamous apologist. As for “mob,” the mobs were all on the other side. The so called “abolition mobs” were really pro-slavery mobs, raised to crush the abolitionists. With the exception of abolition rallies, made to rescue the innocent fugitive from Southern slave-catchers and kidnappers, there were no real “abolition mobs.”

Howl third is as follows: “In the course of a memorable debate on the American Crisis, he (Edmund Burke) stated that the Southern Colonies were more ardently and stubbornly attached to liberty than those to the Northward. Furthermore, let it be proclaimed in Boston, and published in the streets of Philadelphia, that Burke attributed this to the fact that, like Greece and Rome, they were slave-holding communities.” Very well. Let it be proclaimed the world round, that the slave-holders were earnest maintainers of freedom—for *themselves*, and the still more earnest maintainers of slavery for others. They were enthusiastic champions for the freedom to bind the fetter and flourish the whip upon their kidnapped victims.

Howl fourth (too prolix for our quotation): parallels the Secession of the Southern delegates from the General Conference of 1844, with the Secession of the Free Church of Scotland. The two unquestionably are a parallelism in that both were Secessions, but they were contrasts in the causes for which Secession took place. The former was for religious freedom; the latter was for secular slavery; and the latter, as some would say, finds a more suitable parallel in the secession of the angels that kept not their first estate. Next to the cruelty of Mr. Scott’s onslaught on abolitionism, is that of his eulogy on the good Bishop; and it is agonizing to see that venerable man slavered over with such an overflowing gush of relentless bombast. We trust that this Quarterly will live long decades, and its bound volumes be deposited in many a library; and our worst

wish for Mr. Scott is, that he may live to re-read his tirade with shame and genuine repentance. Nevertheless, in most cases, Bourbonism can only die with the Bourbon, and, in such event, the disburdened world has good reason to ejaculate a hearty "good riddance" to both. It is right to say that in several pages added on the same subject by the editor, we find a very different spirit, with the main of which we agree, and see no demand for making an issue where we differ. And here we note that so long as fierce pro-slavery leaders like Scott issue their manifestoes in the highest periodicals of the South, the Methodist Episcopal Church is needed there. And it is not only a negro church we need there, but a body of white churches, who will be a pillar of moral support for the advocates of the New South.

DR. WHEDON AND THE FATHERS.

A few months ago we prepared, by request, a brief review of Smith's "Life and Letters of Bishop Andrew."

Our single desire was to correct a few errors and, also, to supply what we esteemed a capital defect in that otherwise excellent biography.

We were well apprised that in some quarters our review would encounter silent dissent or pronounced disfavor. It was an emphatic utterance ill-adapted to "these piping times of peace" and ecclesiastical fraternity.

We little dreamed, however, that we should provoke, to such a degree, the direful wrath of Dr. Whedon, editor of the Northern Methodist Quarterly.

It will be remembered that Snug, the Joiner, who undertook the role of the lion in the "lamentable comedy" of Pyromus and Thisby, was thoughtful enough to advertise the audience that there was no possible danger, as he was in sober reality

Neither a lion fell, nor else a lion's dam.

Dr. Whedon, less considerate of weak nerves, withholds any such assurance, and without an admonitory word, flies at us with the snap and snarl of an enraged Tom cat.

With classic taste and Christian courtesy, he stigmatises the writer as "an imbecile worshipper, and infamous apologist" of the slave-power.

Perhaps it was Charles Lamb who, when similarly berated by an irate fish-woman, having exhausted his well filled vocabulary of slang, to little purpose, at last, in sheer desperation, cried out: You are an *hypotenuse*. The sharp-tongued jade, supposing this mysterious epithet to involve a yet grosser outrage, redoubled the fury and

volubility of her assault, so that the great humorist at once fled from the field.

If we were inclined to bandy opprobrious words, we might retaliate in kind upon the Doctor for these fiery objurgations.

We may, in the progress of this discussion, occasionally speak with befitting severity, but for the present, our only response is this: You are a *logarithm*, and leave him to digest that aspersion at his leisure.

We do not, indeed, propose that our antagonist shall divert attention from the main question by invidious flings or irrelevant issues.

First of all, he brands as an "historical untruth," our statement that the sires of those men who hounded Bishop Andrew to his official degradation, "had waxed fat by the traffic in human flesh." On the contrary, he avers to quote his own language: "There was not, we may safely say, ever a New England Methodist or a New England Methodist's father, or "sire," who bought, held or sold a slave."

Can it be that the illustrious Whedon is so hardly pressed by our argument, that he resorts to a paltry verbal quibble, to parry its force?

We manifestly intended, and so he understood, to use the word "sires," in its broadest sense; we might say, substituting fathers for sires, according to its Biblical import, as embracing not only immediate progenitors, but remoter ancestors as well. Nor even only the delegates actually voting, but their constituency, whose will was clearly signified by a flood of anti-slavery memorials then lying on the Secretary's desk. Moreover, his denial itself, without reference to his quibble or his special pleading, is purely gratuitous, and needs to be supported by *aliunde* testimony.

As this is a question of History not to be settled by reckless assertions on either side, we address ourself to its further consideration.

We postulate in the outset, that the solid vote of the New England Conferences, supplemented by their threats of secession, was the chief obstacle to the peaceable adjustment

of the controversy. These threats influenced Olin, and many others of the Middle and Western Conferences, to rally to the support of the Finley resolution. This will scarcely be questioned by any one familiar with the proceedings of the Conference.

While we do not acquit Baltimore, New York or Philadelphia of serious blame, we insist that New England counsels are responsible for the shame and atrocity of this "deed without a name."

Furthermore, we reiterate the charge that the ancestors of these New England delegates, and of the societies whose views they reflected, were doubly guilty of all the evil which Dr. Whedon attributes to American slavery.

Is Dr. Whedon so grossly ignorant of history, or is he so unfair in argument that he will gainsay these propositions? By the terms of his own statement, therefore, he stands convicted of imbecility or infamy.

With equal truthfulness, he might deny the witch burnings of the seventeenth century. With equal propriety, he might attempt to whitewash Cotton Mather, the Pope of the Puritans, a compound of Pecksniff and Torquemada, who published a volume in defense of witch-burning that Harvard University endorsed, whence, it may be, came his own Doctorate of Laws.

Whatever "the horrors of the middle passage," however enormous the evils of African slavery, the controlling power in the Conference of 1844 must bear forever a full share of its odium.

Every New England State voted to extend the slave trade from 1788 to 1808. This extension, against which thousands of Southern men stoutly protested, was made largely in the interest of the slave-traders of Boston and Newport. It was to them a profitable commerce, and little did they concern themselves about the right or wrong of the traffic. Why, indeed, should they shrink from the African slave-trade, when their Godly progenitors had enslaved or butchered, more than two centuries before, the Indian tribes within the limits of the Plymouth Colony.

In what respect was that a greater crime than to violate the solemn treaty stipulations with Massasoit, the Indian chief? He had, at the peril of his own life, shielded them from savage attacks, when they were shivering in log huts and powerless for self-protection. And yet, with worse than Punic faith, they suffered Alexander, his son and successor, to rot by piecemeal, in the filthy wards of a Boston prison.

Why should they turn pale, and swoon like a sick girl, at the clanking of chains and the flourishes of an overseer's whip, when, after the massacre or enslavement of the Pequods, they sent the son of King Phillip to the Bermudas, where, according to a Northern historian, he literally died under the lash of a taskmaster.

It is a legitimate inference, from their colonial history, that if climatic conditions had been favorable to the growth of cotton, and the increase of negroes, and if, furthermore, the slave trade had continued twenty years longer, New England would have been as intensely pro-slavery as South Carolina, and Boston as much of a slave market as Charleston or even Constantinople.

In all soberness, as all fair-minded men will allow, both sections were confederates in this traffic. The North did the kidnapping, and we purchased their captives for a money value. So likewise, when afterwards, for economical reasons solely, they passed prospective emancipation Acts, they sold the South large numbers of these slaves for a like consideration. In a word, according to "the Declaration of Independence," the corner-stone of Dr. Whedon's political creed, they were both alike, guilty. It frequently happens in like cases, that the greatest scoundrel of the gang turns informer or State's evidence, but it is a thing without precedent, that he is bold or bad enough to deny all complicity with the criminal transaction. This, unfortunately for Dr. Whedon and his friends, is their relation to the case at bar.

It is time to ask if the descendants of these men were in any wise proper parties to gnash their teeth at Bishop Andrew, who never bought or sold a slave, and who was not, indeed, a slaveholder, except by statutory constraint. Be-

hind all this lies the paramount question, what constitutional or disciplinary right had the Northern majority to make slave-holding a disqualification for the Episcopacy? Did not the wisest men, who voted for the Finley resolution, Olin, Durbin and Bangs, acknowledge that there was no constitutional disability in the case of Bishop Andrew? We respectfully challenge Dr. Whedon to point out the section or page of the Discipline that forbids a slave-holder to exercise Episcopal functions. We are quite sure he will not even attempt it. But we have not yet probed this rottenness to the bottom. If he had been thrice guilty, he was clearly entitled to a trial in due form. "A decent respect for the opinions of mankind," at least a "decent respect" for the principles of Magna Charta, which underlie all civil and ecclesiastical jurisprudence, would have secured him the semblance of justice. This was refused, and to hide the infamy of the refusal, a new theory of the Episcopacy was concocted that made our Bishops the mere creatures of the General Conference—like a book editor or a Missionary Secretary.

According to Lord King's View of the Primitive church, a book heartily endorsed by Mr. Wesley, a Bishop was *primus inter pares*. But according to the General Conference of '44 he had no rights that a partisan majority was bound to regard. His official position was at the mercy of a simple majority vote, so that he was not only not first amongst equals, but less than the least of either, clergy or laity.

The English vocabulary, with its 140,000 words, affords no terms adequate to the characterization of this affair. It deserves mentioning, that the Protestant Episcopal House of Bishops, when engaged in the trial of Bishop Onderdonk, accused of flagrant immoralities, had charges and specifications duly prepared, and spent weeks in a careful investigation. Our General Conference, with no crime, alleged, upon the shallow pretext of expediency, evermore the "tyrant's plea," by a simple resolution, sought to consign Bishop Andrew to everlasting infamy. And this, too, in hot haste, against the urgent request of the Bench of Bishops for a

postponement to the next General Conference. By this judgment, worthy of a Jeffries, they unfrocked Andrew and constrained Soule, the noblest Roman of them all, to leave his kindred and native land, rather than be privy to such an outrage, on all law, civil and ecclesiastical. Was the writer too severe in denouncing this procedure as "the tyranny of a mob, or else the ruling of a star chamber tribunal?"

Is it out of place for a writer in a Southern Review to refer to these matters in discussing the life of Bishop Andrew?

Will another century condone the treason of Benedict Arnold? If so, then probably a millenium may wipe out this "damned spot" from the Journal of the General Conference. And yet, once in every quadrennium, Northern delegates visit our General Conferences, with words of kindly greeting, but with no confession of this flagrant wrong. Here is an opportunity for the "ingenuous repentance" to which Dr. Whedon exhorts us. Will he henceforth turn his hospitable appeals in that direction?

When Dr. Whedon is so ready to defend the action of the majority in the General Conference of '44, we are not surprised that he enters the lists as the champion of Abolitionism. He prepares the way for this by a most virulent attack on what he styles the slave-power. He indulges in the usual rhodomontade about "auction-blocks," kidnapping, blood hounds, etc., for which he fails to acknowledge his indebtedness to Exeter Hall and Uncle Tom's Cabin.

We will not seek to disguise the fact that slavery as it existed in the South had its attendant evils. These evils were, however, greatly increased by the intermeddling of Northern fanatics. Some of the most stringent provisions of the Slave Code, notably that against the education of negroes was a precautionary measure. But yet we affirm that as a labor system, it was as eminently wise as it was clearly patriarchal.

With all its drawbacks the condition of the antebellum slave was physically better than the Irish peasant or the

average New England factory operative. He was better clothed, fed, lodged and less worked, and treated with greater consideration by his owner. Yet more his condition whether morally or industrially was by immense odds better than that of the Southern freedman, after nearly twenty years have elapsed. Better even than that of the Jamaica negro after fifty years of British emancipation.

In the former case, in numerous localities, he is relapsing into barbarism. Refusing to labor, but subsisting by fishing and hunting, with frequent raids on his white neighbor's corn cribs and poultry roosts. In the latter case, in despite of Parliamentary appropriations and the expenditure of millions by the Church of England, the Presbyterians, the Baptists, the Methodists in missionary work, he has from necessity at last been stripped of all vestige of political power. A very late writer, Prof. Garrison, of Virginia, speaking from personal observation, says that almost without exception, they are lazy, improvident and nearly idiotic. Moreover, both on the Island and in the South Atlantic States, they are exhibiting in the matter of religion unmistakable tendencies to Vaudooism, or some other species of devil worship.

These are some of the present results of emancipation. But this dreadful slave power that frightens Dr. Whedon from his property. Does not he know that this slave power gave the country nearly a half century of unparalleled prosperity. The Federal Government confined to its constitutional sphere and encroaching on no reserved rights of the States, so that the states were indeed

Distinct as the billows, but one as the sea.

Has he forgotten that it acquired Louisiana, that added 600,000 square miles to the area of freedom ; that it secured Florida a favorite winter resort for Northern invalids, and gave us the control of the Gulf of Mexico ; that it secured Texas an empire in itself five times as large as all New England ; that in spite of Northern opposition, it gave us the silver mines of New Mexico, the gold mines of Cali-

fornia, and an ocean front on either side of this vast continent?

During the fifty years of Southern ascendancy, there was as in the reign of Solomon, neither adversary nor evil occurrent. Anti-slaveryism in less than twenty-five years has brought forth a carnival of blood-shed and an amount of official corruption that the fathers of the Republic would have shuddered to contemplate.

Having disposed of the slave power, he commends abolitionism as a harmless craze, that is, guiltless of any wrong doing. We quote his own words: "It anti-slavery, fanaticism," simply proclaimed liberty to the captive, asserted the rights of humanity, maintained the truth of the first sentence of the Declaration of Independence, and demanded the peaceful emancipation of four millions of native Americans from that despotic system that "spared not man in its cruelty, nor woman in its lust." Further on he gives us another bit of such balderdash: "As for mob," the mobs were all on the other side. The so called abolition mobs were really pro-slavery mobs to crush the abolitionist. With the exception of abolition *rallies*, made to rescue the innocent fugitive from Southern slave catchers and kidnappers, there were no real "abolition mobs." It will be perceived that Dr. Whedon utterly denies the fact of "abolition mobs." By such an assertion, he not only contradicts the official records of the nation, but places himself outside the pale of legitimate controversy. He hopes to escape, however, by the adroit use of an euphemism, which is an improvement on the diplomatic skill of Talleyrand. When Beauregard in obedience to peremptory orders from a government as regularly constituted as the first Continental Congress, saluted Fort Sumter with a shower of shot and shell, he forsooth was a TRAITOR, with a rattlesnake trill on the first R. When John Brown, the Emissary of an abolition Junto, visited Harper's Ferry, for the purpose of inaugurating an insurrection, involving arson, murder, rape, and midnight forays on defenceless homes, he was no traitor but a martyr—to be canonized in

song and sermon; to be glorified in a studied eulogy by the Governor of Massachusetts, on it may be the identical spot where their pious forefathers furrowed with an orthodox scourge the bleeding backs of non-resistant Quakers. When Brown's two accomplices were demanded of Iowa and Ohio, under a plain provision of the Constitution of the United States, the demand was indignantly refused. Was this part and parcel of the "peaceful" programme of the abolitionist?

What does Dr. Whedon think of the open and armed resistance to the execution of the fugitive slave law in the streets of Boston and Syracuse, and a score of Northern cities and towns besides?

Were these unlawful assemblages, abolition mobs according to legal construction, or were they simply "abolition rallies?" By what right, unless it be that of a self-confessed Thersites, does he charge Southern citizens and United States Marshals with a legal warrant under the sanction of the Constitution as *kidnappers* for seeking to arrest a fugitive slave anywhere and everywhere within the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court?

In all this abolitionism was guiltless of mob violence—it was only seeking a "peaceful" emancipation of four millions of native Americans.

The naked truth is that the party, through every period of its history, was an organized mob in opposition to law and order, denouncing from pulpit and platform the Federal compact as "a covenant with death," and the flag of the Union as "a flaunting lie." They put forth Herculean efforts to stir up insurrections amongst the slaves by means of incendiary pamphlets, distributed broadcast through the mails. On other occasions they commissioned hireling assassins to visit the plantations in Virginia, South Carolina, and other points where the negroes were largely preponderant, for the same nefarious purpose. In a few instances they were partially successful. That they failed at all was the result of miscalculation or a thorough police system amongst the planters. If they could they

would have repeated at Charleston and Richmond, the massacre of Seio, and reproduced on Southern soil the wholesale slaughter of Hayti.

Not a few of them more infuriated than others, or it may be less cautious in their utterances, avowed a willingness to "organize HELL in the heart of the Southern States."

A "peaceful" emancipation, says Dr. Whedon, with the gentleness of "a sucking dove." "I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word!"

Was it we ask peaceful in its consummation? Well, might the spirits of the gallant dead, some that wore the Blue, and some that wore the Gray, answer from Heaven, with a thunderous no! The statement in part and in whole "is false as dicer's oaths." And there are thousands North and South, who yet survive with empty sleeves and maimed legs, and broken hearts and ruined fortunes, and desolate homes, that bear witness to the cruelty of a fratricidal war; the sin and shame of which is chargeable on that abolition horde, whose persistent violations of the Constitution both provoked, and precipitated the terrible conflict.

Referring to an allusion of ours to the statement of Edmund Burke, that the Southern Colonies were more devoted to liberty than those to the Northward, and that this was in part because they were slaveholding communities, he replies, "Very well. Let it be proclaimed the world around that the slaveholders were earnest maintainers of freedom—for *themselves*, and the still more earnest maintainers of slavery for others." It is hardly extravagant to say that Massachusetts and her satellites might have been Crown Colonies of Great Britain to-day; but for the self-sacrificing patriotism of the much abused "slave oligarchy." It was one of these "oligarchs," Patrick Henry, that made the Virginia House of Burgesses shake from floor to rafter with his denunciations of the English Government for its encroachment on the rights of Massachusetts. Another "oligarch," Richard Henry Lee moved the Declaration of Independence; yet another, Thomas Jefferson, drafted that

Declaration ; still another, George Washington, commanded the armies of the Revolution, to the triumphant close of the struggle. We would detract nothing from the well-earned fame of Adams and Hancock, and Hamilton, but these played comparatively subordinate parts in the great drama. Who but these same slave holders of the South, resisted to blood the British orders in Council, and the Berlin and Milan decrees that threatened to drive American commerce from the high seas ? While Madison and his administration were upholding the principles of international law, New England was holding a dark lantern convention at Hartford, and New England Federalists were signalling the British fleet, that afterwards sailed up the Potomac and burned the National Capitol. We are safe in saying that but for the speedy ratification of the Treaty of Ghent, New England would have seceded from the Union and formed a military alliance with Great Britain. And yet Dr. Whedon alleges that these slave holders were "earnest maintainers of slavery for others."

When Texas was invaded by Santa Anna, and his myrmidons, these hated slave holders, led by Crocket, Fannin, and Travis, flew to the rescue. Their blood stained the walls of Bexar, and flecked the streets of Goliad, and at the Alamo so bravely did they struggle for the freedom of Texas, that it has been carved in marble on the Capitol square at Austin ; that while "Thermopylœ had its messenger of defeat, the Alamo had none."

We shall not stay to consider how in the Mexican war the South was foremost in the fray from the death of Ringgold, to the capitulation in the hall of the Montezumas. There is nothing in this record of gallantry that warrants the foul aspersion of Dr. Whedon. Our opponent does not fancy the historical paralell we suggest between the action of the Free Church delegates in the General Assembly of Scotland, and the conduct of the Southern delegates in the General Conference of 1844. We are, however, not responsible either for his lack of appreciation, or what is, perhaps a more charitable view, his want of pene-

tration. There was, we allow, a difference in the details, but they were both in substance a protest against the oppressive rulings of a numerical majority, and a sturdy adherence to principle in the face of threatened disaster. Nor does the analogy cease at this point. As the Free Church of Scotland has become one of the leading churches of christendom, so likewise the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, has attained to proportions, but little short of the strength of the entire church previous to the separation.

We rebuked the sneer of DeQuincey in our former article, but we hardly know how to treat the scurrility of Dr. Whedon against the Southern church. He does not, in explicit terms, liken the withdrawal of the Southern delegates to the revolt of the devil and his angels. In this matter he exhibits the prudence of the cat in the adage, "Who let I would, wait upon I dare not."

Oh, wise cat! Oh, discreet Dr. Whedon! He fires, however, from the ambuscade of an inuendo. The plain English of the matter is an intimation that Andrew, Soule, Pierce, Winans, Capers, Parks and Longstreet, were not simple schismatics, but devils incarnate. This is in keeping with the purpose of his fellow-fanatic, above stated, to "organize hell" in the South. The conception of Dr. Whedon is a happy afterthought to vindicate the wisdom of that abolition project. It follows, of course, that such men as Collins and Cass and Finley were "the angels that kept their first estate." If this is not a literal *reductio ad absurdum*, we have studied logic to little purpose.

But our venerable critic seems as much dissatisfied with our estimate of Bishop Andrew, as with our "cruel onslaught" on abolitionism. He thinks there is an "overflowing gush" in it that savors of "relentless bombast." We have shown that Dr. Whedon is not an historian, still less a logician, and if the game was worth the candle, we might quite as readily show that he is not a master of rhetoric. Indeed, our first impressions of him, received in part from Dr. A. T. Bledsoe, are about correct. His affected sympathy for Bishop Andrew, reminds

us forcibly of that imperial saurian, the Egyptian crocodile, whose proverbial tears have always been esteemed the climax of cruelty. Only a few lines above, he virtually intimates that Andrew is the Prince of Devils, and almost in the next breath speaks of him as the "venerable Bishop." Guiteau, the stalwart assassin, as chief mourner at the burial of Garfield, is an apt illustration of this piece of acting. Indeed, Dr. Whedon is such a bundle of contradictions that, as Mrs. Malaprop might say, "he is two gentlemen at once." We are perplexed to know whether he would suit best as a model for another Joseph Surface, in some modern "School for Scandal," or as another Colley Cibber, for a new version of Pope's *Dunciad*.

He ventures, also, in his summing up, to speak in a fatherly tone of the writer. We beg him, for pity's sake, to spare us this infliction. His vituperation is only a matter of merriment, but his "bowels of compassion" are grievous in the extreme. On the whole, he does not appear hopeful of our conversion, and this is by odds the most sensible conclusion he has reached.

He compliments Dr. Hinton, the able editor of the *Review*, but chides him for allowing such "manifestos" to appear in his columns.

Does Dr. Whedon claim to exercise a sort of censorship over the Southern Methodist press? He insinuates something of this sort. Has it come to pass, that before the smoke of battle has fully cleared away, and before the matrons and maidens, of our Southland, have ceased to decorate the sleeping places of our fallen braves, that a Northern editor, brimful of malice and uncharitableness, shall snub a hightoned Southern Review for an article that is simply true to the traditions of our church, and true to the memory of our fathers?

Dr. Whedon's reproof is spiced, also, with a menaee. As long as such "manifestos are allowed, the Methodist Episcopal church is a necessity in the South." He knows as well as the writer that his church, except the negro element, within the borders of the eleven Confederate States, is "a

plant of slow growth." It needed, from the beginning, to be coddled and wet-nursed to be kept alive. Nor has it improved in real moral strength with all the missionary help that has been furnished. It is not adapted to our soil or climate. As well might he expect the Magnolia Grandiflora, the pride of our Southern forests, to flourish under the wintry skies of New England. The magnolia, placed in a conservatory and carefully tended, might survive a dozen winters in that high latitude, and so, by a like process, the North may sustain a few white churches in the South, yet it is only for a little while at the farthest.

If the Doctor relies on these white churches as auxiliaries "to the advocates of the New South," he must count on a slender following, and if he believes that even conjointly they can shake the "Solid South," he has somewhat of that faith that removes mountains. We would, in all seriousness, inquire if Dr. Whedon is so infatuated by passion or besotted by prejudice, as to dream of a new South in his partisan sense? If he means a party outside of the negroes, that accept his views, we can assure him that it is composed chiefly of a bevy of Federal office-holders. Such a party, by trickery and sharp practice, may exist for a season in some localities of the South, but it bears in its own bosom the seeds of decay and dissolution. While it does exist, it is what Randolph styles, a party of seven principles, to wit: Five loaves and two small fishes. The masses of the Southern people have no thought and no desire to exchange, as the immortal Stephens has said, the Greek type of civilization, which means local self-government for the Asiatic type which means Empire. This fancy of Whedon's is the same old dream, "From Macedonia's madman to the Swede."

Such a vision must have been inspired by the ghost of Hildebrand or of Bishop Gilbert Haven. We are prepared to affirm that you may bankrupt your Missionary Treasury and thereby multiply your Southern white churches a hundred fold, and you are not a whit nearer the accomplishment of your purpose. Enriched, as you have been, not exclusively by thrift and industry, but by the spoils of un-

righteous war, you have not yet accumulated money enough in Wall street to bribe the unpurchasable millions of the South. We advise you, Doctor, to leave off Review writing and betake yourself to the study of history.

“Order reigns in Warsaw,” dispatched Suwarow one hundred years ago, but the Czar still trembles under the dome of the Kremlin, and requires narcotics to induce sleep, in the heart of St. Petersburg.

Phenix Park assassinations transpire under the bristling guns of Dublin Castle. Ireland has not forgotton the brutal massacres of Wexford and Drogheda, by savage English Puritans, nor is her nationality extinct.

There is a New South—a land “not without ruins, and, therefore, not without memories.” It sprung from the debris of a war waged against us without the color of right. Fields of husbandry are now white with the harvest that a few years ago were desolated by the sword of Vandalism, and flourishing cities are now seen on every hand that were destroyed by the torch of the incendiary. Hungary, since the failure and flight of Kossuth, has been restored to her constitutional rights, and Italy, downtrodden for a thousand years, has had its *renaissance* in the triumphs of Victor Emanuel. But mark well, the men who died in the trenches of Vicksburg and Richmond, have left their impress on this and future generations—the same love of fatherland, the same loathing for oppression. Not with sword and bayonet, but with the plow and hammer, they are working out their political and industrial salvation, with brave hearts and sturdy arms. They are not, however, “dumb, driven cattle,” as your article implies. In their work-day apparel they are the same men, or of like sort, that surrendered at Appomattox—“the sifted wheat of the world’s heroes.”

The brave men of the North, and there are hundreds of thousands of such, know well of what stuff the Southern soldier is made. Their ancestors stood shoulder to shoulder with ours in the streets of Princeton and Germantown. Together they endured the rigors of Valley Forge encampment, and together they shared in the crowning victory at

Yorktown. In the second British war, they fought side by side at Chippewa and Lunday's Lane, under the leadership of a gallant Southern soldier.

With locked step, South Carolina and New York marched up the storm-swept heights of Churubusco, and faced the double-shotted batteries of Molino Del Rey.

Why should we allude to the late war, the North won by overwhelming numbers, but the South may say, with Francis I, after his defeat at Pavia, "All is lost save honor." Thank God, we have kept that hitherto inviolate and untarnished, and thousands of true men, North, will say *Amen* at "this giving of thanks." We have kept as well to our religion, our trust in God, our love of peace, our hatred of strife. But ours is a religion that makes its ultimate appeal not to the higher law of abolitionism, but to the words of Christ, and the Epistles of St. Paul particularly, in the 6th chapter of 1st Timothy, where he clearly teaches that abolitionists, after the New England pattern, are unworthy of church-fellowship.

And now, in reference to this whole matter, if you honestly desire peace and fraternity, make haste to change your tactics. Cease your scurrilous abuse of the men of '44 and '61. Put away your own blind prejudices; stop your meddling with our social system; recall your emissaries, some of whom, under the disguise of teachers and preachers, have been sowing dragon's teeth throughout the South. Aye, more than this, restore, in full, the right of local self-government to the States North and South. Discontinue your inflammatory appeals to the race-prejudices of the blacks. You are thereby doing both them and the nation infinite harm. Beware, lest you "teach bloody instructions that being taught shall return to plague the inventor," in the shape of labor strikes and bread riots, followed by anarchy and bloodshed, and a financial crash in your own midst. Above all, put an end to your pulpit twaddle about the "nigger." Nobody is deceived by such clerical claptrap.

Your interest in the freedman is purely a bread and but-

ter philanthropy. Demetrius and his fellow-craftsmen were equally disinterested with the "freedom shriekers" of to-day, and more ingenuous, because they confessed that it was with them a question of profit and loss. If the freedmen should ever, in a body, join the Democratic party, your occupation and your gains would alike be gone. Such a revolution is by no means a thing unheard of in our versatile politics. Indeed, some of them are beginning to understand that their best friends are not those who prate most about their education and elevation, but those who, according to reason and revelation, admonish them that their proper relation to the white man is that of subordination. The negro has not forgotten your promise of "forty acres and a mule," nor that shrewd Yankee device of a "Freedman's Saving Bank." He is now thoroughly satisfied that one was a stupendous swindle and the other a mischievous lie. If he had been less slow to learn, he would long ago have scouted your whole tribe "as juggling fiends that keep the word of promise to the ear and break it to the hope." Leave all these matters and things that pertain to the freedmen to the State governments. They may commit blunders, but they can hardly fail to manage it better than you have done in the past. It is at least worth while to make the experiment. And now, Doctor, whether you will hear or forbear, this method is the shortest and the wisest for the adjustment of this controversy. Furthermore, the views herein embodied are not the sentiments of a single individual, but they are the convictions of an immense majority of the Southern people. "Think of that, Master Brooke."

In conclusion, I commend to you a familiar fable of Esop —himself a Greek slave. He relates, that, once upon a time, an ass went masquerading in a lion's skin. At first, he produced a universal flutter and flight amongst the lower animals. The cheat was unmasked, however, when he attempted to roar like the king of beasts. Thereupon, an honest countryman proceeded to strip him of his leonine covering and to administer a sound cudgeling for his impudence.

If you, dear Doctor, had studied Esop's fables more and the abolitionist literature of the last half-century less, you might have profited by the ass's example, and saved me the disagreeable task of inflicting this well-merited castigation.

“OUR BROTHER IN BLACK; HIS FREEDOM AND
HIS FUTURE.”

PART I.

Such is the alliterative title of a volume by Dr. A. G. Haygood, President of Emory college. It has been for nearly a year before the public, but we have had no convenient opportunity until recently to give it a careful perusal.

Dr. Haygood has acquired considerable notoriety by its publication and, we may add, has secured the endorsement of many leading journals North and South. He has enjoyed for years an enviable reputation as a sprightly and versatile writer for the religious and secular press.

We have known him from his early manhood and have long recognized his ability and unquestionable integrity as a Christian minister. He is a bold thinker and thoroughly conscientious in his convictions. And yet we venture to say that not a few of his latter day deliverances, especially on the negro question, are grievous blunders, and will be so esteemed by himself when his present ardor shall have somewhat abated.

By his own admission he is a recent convert to the theory embodied in this volume, and quite naturally he manifests the usual fervent zeal of the neophyte.

As an advocate Dr. Haygood is certainly not lacking in ingenuity. The very title of his book, if it has any practical significance at all, is an assumption of the *physical* unity of the races. Surely we are not to understand that this difficult ethnological problem has been set at rest either by the surrender at Appomattox or the Thirteenth Constitutional amendment.

It is by no means ascertained that the negro is of the same *species* with the Caucasian. Many learned Christian men, amongst them Agassiz, have questioned whether this theory has any basis whatever either in scripture or in science.

We can readily see how, with the unity-dogma as a vantage-ground, such masterly orators as Wendell Phillips on the platform, and Theodore Parker in the pulpit, could set Massachusetts ablaze from Berkshire to Nantucket. For if the negro is of identical origin with the white race, and as Cowper postulated, is simply "guilty of a skin darker than our own," then by an inexorable logic he is entitled not only to freedom and citizenship, but to social equality—and other kindred abominations that are contained in the premises. A thin layer of coloring matter in the *rete mucosum* of our African brother is hardly a sufficient reason for excluding him from the table d'hôte of the Kimball, or ejecting him from the first-class coach of the Western and Atlantic Railroad. And yet Dr. Haygood's Cincinnati friend refused to share a bed with a clean negro! Was this race-instinct rebelling against the logic we are criticizing?

Mohammed in every emergency of his career fell back on a new revelation. The "New South," which is wonderfully progressive, may yet learn to spit on the "color line" in this and kindred instances, even as it has apotheosized Garfield and feted Sherman in the city that he burned like a vandal chieftain. Bishop Warren has recently been prospecting through the South, and since his return to the North, has condemned in unmeasured terms the social disability from which the "Brother in Black" still suffers in our midst. The Bishop was exceedingly indignant that *educated colored ladies* were compelled to travel in a smoking car. We have never seen it on this wise, and it seems to have escaped the notice of Bishops Pierce and McTyiere. Possibly our Northern brother has a gift for seeing motes and was on the alert for a sensational paragraph. Perhaps the "New South" will "reform it altogether."

Dr. Haygood distinctly repudiates these logical sequences

of his major premise. This is well for the Doctor, but in the mean time what becomes of his argument?

The question whether the negro is a distinct and earlier creation of God than the Caucasian is a problem that demands for its solution the most patient scientific research. It is altogether outside the province of ecclesiastical dogmatism—not less so than the order of the solar system. When the church was all agog as to that matter a Romish Cardinal, the learned Baronius, was wise enough to perceive that the Bible was designed to teach us how to go to Heaven and not how the Heavens go.

It may be found in the life time of some now living, that there is a plurality of species of the genus homo. It would be premature to assert that this is definitely settled, but it is not too much to say that it is probable that this whole anti-slavery agitation from Wilberforce to Sumner, that the fratricidal strife and bloodshed of the late civil war were one, and all the results of a scientific blunder and a wrong scriptural exegesis.

The leading proposition of Dr. Haygood's book is the declaration that the emancipation of the Southern slaves was the work of God. St. Peter tells us that "no prophecy is of any private interpretation;" the same law (if we apprehend correctly the teaching of Christ in the 13th chapter of Luke) holds in regard to the interpretation of apparently vindictive Providences.

From sundry references to the exodus of Israel from Egypt, we might infer that he regards the emancipation of the negroes as a like accomplishment of His outstretched arm.

By parity of reasoning, he might hold God responsible for the slaughter of the innocents by Herod, seeing Joseph and Mary and the young child had fled into Egypt.

Would a God that cares for lilies and sparrows—to use his own illustration—be unheedful of the voice of "Rachel weeping for her children?"

Indeed, Dr. Haygood believes that God had as much to do with the negroes coming to this country as with Israel's

going down into Egypt. The slave trade then was a link in the Providence of God. The horrors of the middle passage which so often convulsed the audiences of Exeter Hall were necessary factors of the divine economy, looking to the election of Lincoln in 1860, and the downfall of the Confederacy in April, 1865.

Most assuredly the Doctor does not mean to assert that the Jehovah of the Old Testament, who instituted slavery amongst His elect people, the Jews—and the Christ of the New Testament, who, by His apostles, sanctioned a worse form of slavery than ever was tolerated on the rice plantations of South Carolina or the sugar estates of Louisiana, that one or both of them should, in these last days, become the apologists, aye, the champions of the most infamous national robbery perpetrated since the partition of Poland.

Credat Judeus apella, non ego.

We believe and maintain, contrary to all this fanfaronade about Providence, that the emancipation of the Southern negroes was a premeditated spoliation concocted and planned and prosecuted for nearly a half century by Northern politicians, under various aliases, and upon sundry pretexts of philanthropy.

From the day of William Loyd Garrison, at least, the Abolitionists left no stone unturned to cripple and destroy Southern slavery. In the execution of this nefarious purpose, they attacked it in the District of Columbia and wherever else the national government held exclusive jurisdiction. They practically nullified, by means of mobs and like appliances, the constitutional provision for the rendition of fugitive slaves—they incited insurrections amongst the slaves, thereby imperilling helpless women and children. They influenced crazy John Brown to invade the soil of the “Mother of States” with a like intent.

It answers a purpose now to call these “dead issues.” They are facts, nevertheless, and like the ghost of “the blood-belted Banquo,” they will not down at the bidding of Doctor Haygood or any other prophet of the New Dispens-

sation. They are part and parcel of the record upon which the tribunal of universal history will adjudicate the right and wrong of this controversy. We insist, furthermore, that, as the North increased in relative power, it became more arrogant and aggressive. It spared neither money nor labor to exclude us from the common territory acquired by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. The burden of the fight was borne by Southern troops led by Southern-born Generals, but this availed nothing in the controversy. Daniel Webster was locked out of Faneuil Hall for defending the compromise measures of 1850; and this solemn compact between the sections was boldly set at naught in every town and city of the North. The few exceptional cases amount to nothing in the argument. The decade extending from 1850 to 1860 was a period of incessant anti-slavery agitation. At its close, Abraham Lincoln, owing to the dissensions of the Democratic party, was elected to the Presidency. The South, goaded well-nigh to desperation by the persistent assaults of the past forty years and, holding to the right of secession, withdrew from the Union. In our judgment it was an unwise step, but the political leaders of the South thought otherwise, and we acquiesced. In the struggle that ensued the South was greatly out-numbered in the field, and, without foreign recognition or a financial crash at the North, could hardly hope for ultimate success against such heavy odds. The Federal armies were, however, disastrously defeated at several points, and an alarming reaction occurred in the public sentiment of the North. At this juncture Mr. Lincoln was urged to issue his Emancipation Proclamation. He hesitated and postponed until the extremists of his party, conspicuous amongst whom was the notorious Jack Hamilton, of Texas, told him plainly that without it "the Union was lost." If this version be true, emancipation was, as to its motive, a mere expedient. No sentiment of philanthropy prompted it. It was simply and nakedly a desperate effort to bolster up a tottering administration. It had the desired effect. It consolidated the party. Like the bombardment of Fort

Sumter, it fired afresh the Northern heart and unleashed once more the dogs of war for a fresh onset on the Confederacy. Henceforth slavery was doomed—the ratification of the Thirteenth Amendment being a sheer mockery.

Doctor Haygood sees in all this the finger of Providence. We see in it the fortunes of unsuccessful war.

The North, emboldened by its military successes in the utter overthrow of the Confederate Government and the wholesale impoverishment of the South by its emancipation policy, proceeded to inflict every conceivable indignity on a vanquished foe. We shall not stay, however, to discuss the reconstruction period. We must not in this connection overlook the fact that the Government stoutly refused one farthing of compensation to the South for its four millions of slaves. Less than forty years before, when the British Parliament, in a moment of madness, abolished slavery in the West Indies, it promptly voted a handsome remuneration to the colonists. Yet Parliament, according to the theory of the British Constitution, is omnipotent, whilst the American Congress trampled upon the limitations of the Constitution and the principles of eternal justice to consummate a partisan project and perpetuate a partisan ascendancy. And this, too, when the ancestors of these law-givers had been enriched by the traffic in slavery, foreign and coastwise, and not a few of them were, at that precise time, banking, manufacturing and trading with the purchase money received for these manumitted slaves.

We venture to say that Doctor Haygood's thanksgiving for the abolition of slavery, like Macbeth's amen, would stick in his throat at this point. He indeed pointedly disclaims an indorsement of the methods employed in this matter of emancipation. We could hardly expect less of him. Will he pardon us for saying that he does seem to us to confound all moral distinctions when he makes God the author or abettor of such a tangled web of falsehood, villainies and abominations as characterize this whole work, from its beginning to its end.

We take leave now of this aspect of the question and pro-

pose to devote some space to the freedom and the future of "Our Brother in Black."

Doctor Haygood seems greatly concerned to impress both races with the conviction that God and not Mr. Lincoln, freed the negro. Convinced as we are of his error, we have sought to disabuse both races of what would prove a hurtful delusion. But at all events he is free, and what are the immediate results of this anomalous condition of the former slave? Doctor Haygood argues that it has been a signal blessing to both parties. In proof of this he gives us a lot of statistics about the negro's intellectual advancement—his increase in population, and the improved industries of the South.

We have this to say at the outset—that Doctor Haygood sometimes bases his conclusion on too narrow an induction of facts. A witty conversation with a Federal Judge on a railway car, and a few months observation in Atlanta, and much besides, do not furnish sufficient data for such a sweeping generalization. Let it not be forgotten that this is not the first time that our "Brother in Black" has been put on probation.

In 1791 the French Convention, at the suggestion of Robespierre, by an almost unanimous vote decreed the freedom of the blacks of Hayti, one of the richest Islands of the Greater Antilles. It was predicted that the blacks would prosper beyond all precedent. Never was there a more disgusting failure. Riot and rapine and butchery followed the decree. Infants were impaled upon the pikes of a brutal soldiery, and wives were violated on the bodies of their dead husbands. Agriculture was abandoned, commerce was destroyed. The exports in the single item of sugar declined from 672,000,000 of pounds in 1791 to nothing in 1842.

At a later period England abolished slavery in Jamaica. Wilberforce and Clarkson were jubilant on the occasion. Doctor Channing, of New England, regarded it as the most notable event of modern times. He prophesied that in a few years Jamaica would rival in beauty and fruitfulness the fabled Atlantis.

A brief experience sufficed to dispel the Utopian dream. Jamaica and its population waxed poorer and poorer, and but for the subsidies of Parliament it would, ere this, have been depopulated by lust and famine.

We admit that the presence of a large white population in the Southern States has prevented the butchery of Hayti and the impoverishment of Jamaica. The experiment here is made under vastly more favorable circumstances—but the end is not yet.

Dr. Haygood is not a statesman—but a capital college president and an excellent preacher; but if he was a statesman besides he could not, from his present standpoint, see the beginning of the end of this emancipation project. Leaving out of view the methods by which the negro was emancipated, we are constrained to say that the experiment hitherto has been quite unsatisfactory in its results.

We confess our own disappointment. We did hope that his previous training to habits of obedience, coupled with a wise and cautious procedure on the part of the general government would have been followed by better consequences. A gradual emancipation and a qualified suffrage would have lessened the evils of the transition from bondage to liberty and citizenship. But madness ruled the councils of the nation, and the issue is what might have been anticipated. Not less than two millions of industrious laborers were converted into an army of tramps and idlers. Intoxicated by his sudden enfranchisement the negro became inefficient and unreliable as a laborer. This fact, not less than the purchase of fertilizers and supplies at ruinous rates, has impoverished our planters. It is not extravagant to say that over half of them to-day are loaded down with mortgages and liens, and are on the verge of bankruptcy.

To say by way of offset to this statement, that our cotton crop is largely in excess of what it was before the war, is to no purpose. This is explained not by the thrift or industry of the freedman, but because the stimulus of high prices has greatly extended the production of cotton and, moreover, the growth of our population, white and colored, has

increased the productive capacity of the country by not less than forty per cent. since the close of the war.

Nor has the moral or religious status of the negro been improved by his freedom. The criminal statistics of the South will show that more crimes of a graver sort have been committed by the negroes during the last fifteen years than for fifty years preceding the war. Murder, rape, arson and other felonies have been augmented a hundred fold. As respects petty thieving it has become well nigh unbearable. The overseer's lash has been substituted by the chain gang.

We write this more in sorrow than in anger, and believe that the blame is less due to the negro than to the shameful policy which placed him in a position for which he is utterly unfitted intellectually and morally. In a word he is largely the victim of circumstances brought about not by the act of God, but by the fanaticism of a small majority of the American people.

We might speak of the increase of drunkenness since the dawn of their political freedom, the legalized adultery—the alarming prostitution. True, these evils existed in a fearful degree during slavery, but they have greatly increased, and the more thoughtful and sober amongst the blacks acknowledge and deprecate the truth. But we refrain from these sickening details.

What use has the negro made of the ballot, which, as Whittier says, "Executes the freeman's will as lightning does the will of God." Is it not already a matter of history that he has prostituted it to the vilest ends? We do not speak so much of his adherence to the Radical party, but on questions of a purely local character is he not always arrayed against moral reform and political progress?

He stands in the political market places of the country until the eleventh hour waiting to be hired. With some honorable exceptions they are, in the main, as voters, bought and sold like sheep in the shambles. The outcome of all this must be the demoralization of the elective franchise, until some whirlwind of virtuous popular indignation shall sweep it as a pestilence from the face of the earth. But

enough on this point. We have somewhat to say of his future. On this subject Dr. Haygood is enthusiastic to a degree, and in his eloquence

“doth attain—
To something like prophetic strain.”

If we may be allowed to judge the future by the past, we find nothing in the history of “Our Brother in Black” to warrant any great expectations.

Africa is geologically the oldest continent on the Globe. It is not all a desert as many suppose it. Modern explorations have shown that large tracts of it are exceedingly fertile. And yet what has the African race in their native land ever contributed to the world's progress and enlightenment? Did it ever produce a book of prose or poetry; a masterpiece in statuary or painting? In religion has it ever gone beyond Fetichism and Devil worship? Even the negro colonists of Liberia and Sierra Leone, many of them educated and petted and fostered by Great Britain and the United States, what have they done for their own advancement or the civilization of their countrymen?

Contrary to the general opinion, there are tribes of Africans every way superior to the tribes of the West Coast. These better tribes have numerous representatives in this country. Their ancestors were captured in war and sold to the Kings of Dahomey and Ashantee, and thence transferred to the slave dealers. But the most of our slave population came from the region that Du Chaillu visited where they subsist on the bark of trees, and are but little superior in their physical organization to the chimpanzee and gorilla that abound on the banks of the Gaboon and Sene-gambia.

More than two hundred and fifty years have elapsed since they were brought to America. All this while they have been in contact with the highest form of English civilization, and yet but comparatively few have advanced beyond the rudiments of civilization. Any dozen of our negro laborers gathered out of the streets of Atlanta are neither physically nor intellectually different from the same num-

ber as represented on the tombs of Egypt of the Seventeenth dynasty.

We are far from opposing the education of the negro. We would be glad to believe that education would lift him to a lofty plane of thought and action. But as no skill of the lapidary can polish the coarse pebble into the beauty and brilliance of the Kohinoor, so no scholastic drill-sergeant can change the skin of the Ethiopian or give him the brain of the Caucasian.

Believing, as we do, that God has created him for a subordinate relation to the higher races, we have no thought that any species of state-craft will so counteract the Divine purpose as to make them, with rare exceptions, other than hewers of wood and drawers of water. Their muscles and sinews qualify them for the drudgery of the field and workshop. In this sphere they will find their highest happiness and greatest usefulness.

In this way will they best serve their generation, until they shall be numbered with the extinct races that were contemporary with the mastodon and the great Irish elk. The law of the survival of the fittest is as inexorable in its working in regard to races of men as to races of animals. The Aztecs and Toltecs, like the dodo and the megatherium, belong to the records of the paleontologist. The negro and the Indian and other inferior races cannot escape a similar fate.

Dr. Haygood seems to regard the destiny of the South as inseparably bound up with the elevation of the negro race. Has it never occurred to him that in fifty years the blacks of this country will be less than one-twelfth of our population, and therefore relatively of less numerical importance than our Indian tribes one hundred years ago? Still, he advocates with impassioned earnestness what he styles the *New South*. This phrase savors of slang unbefitting the author and the occasion. If by the phrase he means an organization, political or semi-religious, that shall renounce the traditions of our past history, we hesitate not to say we loathe the bare suggestion. We grant there is too much

in the past that we ought to repent of and turn away from. But Heaven forefend that the South should, upon any pretext of expediency, surrender her just convictions, or that with an ingratitude "sharper than a serpent's tooth," we should forget those gallant men whose bones bleach on every battlefield from Gettysburg to the Messila Valley.

What is there, indeed, in our history from the drafting of the Declaration of Independence by Thomas Jefferson to the cruel imprisonment of President Davis at Fortress Monroe that should make a Southron's cheek tingle with shame? In every contest with a foreign foe we have furnished more than our quota of men and money. In the halls of Congress our statesmen have been ever foremost in debate, as our military chieftains have been foremost in the bloody fray of battle. The six most successful administrations of the government were presided over by Southern men. What if in the unequal strife of the civil war we were overwhelmed by immense odds, God yet reigns, and the justice or injustice of our cause could not be *decided* by the arbitrament of the sword. Nor is the future glory of the South to be promoted by truckling sycophancy or unmanly concessions. God has given us a goodly heritage. A territory beautifully diversified by hill and dale—mountains "rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun," that teem with exhaustless mineral wealth; rivers that can float the commerce of a continent moving majestically onward to the stormy Atlantic and the Mexic sea. A territory vaster in extent than imperial Rome ever shadowed with her eagles. "What though the field be lost," the South has still the "unconquerable will," with a steady purpose to hew out her pathway to a fame and a fortune that shall eclipse all the resplendent glories of the past.

This she will do, despite the cant and sneer of the Puritan. For in the veins of her sons courses the cavalier blood that mantled in the cheeks of the titled dames and high-born beauties in the court of Elizabeth, and that flashed in the eyes of the knightliest that rode with Rupert at Nasby and Marston-moor. There are those, too, whose Huguenot ancestry followed the snow-white plume of Navarre in the des-

perate charge at Ivry, and who suffered bonds and banishment rather than violate their loyalty to conscience. Aye, and Scotch blood transmitted from those who triumphed with Bruce at Bannockburn, and of like lineage with the heroes who, led by Havelock, double-quicked for ten wearisome miles to the relief of Lucknow, and saved the empire of the Indies to their country and to christianity.

Tell us that a race like this is to lose its individuality! That a country like ours—hallowed by such precious memories, and inspired by such uplifting hopes, is to become a mere appendage to New England! The distinction between the North and South is more than a geographical difference. It is a distinction broader than the bloody chasm of a four years' conflict—a distinction that will endure while the starry firmament is above us or the moral law within us.

Let us have fraternity founded in justice and consistent with self respect, but aught else should be indignantly spurned with the foot of contempt.

We claim not the gift of prophesy, but we know that in the end the right comes uppermost. Therefore we confidently expect that long years hence, in some Amphycionic council of the nations, the wrongs of Poland shall be redressed—the sufferings of Ireland shall be avenged, and that the right for which Lee drew his sword, and the cause for which Jackson fell shall be vindicated by the verdict of universal humanity.

OUR "BROTHER IN BLACK"—HIS FREEDOM AND HIS FUTURE.

PART II.

In the early part of the past year we felt called upon to discuss, in the columns of the *Sunny South*, some of the questions suggested by Dr. Haygood in the above mentioned publication.

The article, we have reason to know, was extensively copied by the Southern press, and was probably read by one hundred thousand of our people. ~

Since that time, we have been frequently solicited, and have several times purposed to write a second part, with especial reference to his views on "negro education," and its related topics.

We have felt, all the while, a fixed dislike to such controversial writing. But the wide publication of his late Monteagle speech furnishes us both with a fitting opportunity and ample justification. We find, on examination, that this speech is largely a rehash of what he had previously written in "Our Brother in Black." We, therefore, for convenience sake, confine ourself chiefly to the Monteagle text.

It is a serious blunder, and we will add, a grave mistake, to say, as some journalists have alleged, that Dr. Haygood is either a "crank," on the one hand, or a stipendiary of Northern abolitionists, on the other hand. He is, according to our estimate, a man of more than average endowments and scholarship. His integrity is unimpeachable. His harsh and, at times, seemingly "cranky" deliverances, denote merely the strength of his convictions. His thorough earnestness, more than his intellectual resources, or his skill as a dialectician, makes him a formidable disputant, whether

through the press or on the platform. These earnest men, like Luther and Loyola, Thad. Stevens and Robespierre, John Knox and Mohammed, have always made an impress on their generation. Dr. Haygood, while far below their level, has a like earnestness, and in his narrower sphere is not to be snuffed out by a sneer nor silenced by a threat.

We shall, in our discussion of his Monteagle speech, endeavor to eschew all offensive personalities. We propose rather to give his principles the "cold steel" of stubborn facts and invincible arguments.

Dr. Haygood evidently comprehends the significance of the French proverb, that it is "the first step that counts" in an enterprise or argument. He sets out with the assertion that "the essential characteristics of the human mind are the same in every race and in every age." Now, considering how little he in common with all of us know of the prehistoric man, his averment is alike harmless and worthless. Let that pass, however. He illustrates this gratuitous assertion on this wise: "When a negro child is taught that two and two are four, he learns just what a white child learns when he is taught the same proposition." "Except in the mind of a fool," he continues, "there is no more in this to excite prejudice than for me to affirm that a negro boy, ten years old, weighs as much as a white child of the same age."

This argument (if it deserves to be called an argument) is utterly valueless for any legitimate purpose in this controversy.

For example, if the capacity of the negro child to master the problem that the sum of two and two is four as readily as the white child, establishes that the essential characteristics of the human mind are the same amongst all races in all ages, it proves a great deal more than Dr. Haygood bargained for. Suppose we test the arithmetical skill of the English mastiff, Kepler. Dr. Huggins trained him with the stimulus of cake to such an extent, that when asked the square root of 16, he barked four times without a mistake. When asked the square root of 25, he barked with equal accuracy five times. When asked the quotient

of $19+6-1\div 4$, he answered 6. It is more than questionable whether in the case supposed by Dr. Haygood, there was the exercise of any faculty that Kepler didn't possess as well as either the white or black child. And yet while we have read of an aged spinster that founded a hospital for cats, we have heard of no Northern philanthropist who has furnished a fund to establish a college for "the higher education" of dogs. Dr. Haygood has said, with magisterial tone, elsewhere in this speech, that the achievements of individual negroes in the matter of advanced education, compels a revision of the accepted philosophy as to the capacity of the negro. With equal confidence we might say, the evidence constantly accumulating of the intelligence of dogs and horses, and even rats, forces us to discard the old theory, that "instinct is the reason of brutes." It is well ascertained that animals do reason, and that they have a rudimentary conscience. Indeed, as compared with the lower savage races of men, they are separated intellectually by a narrow line of demarcation. A terrier bitch can count her whelps as correctly as a West Coast negress can count her children, and a common dunghill fowl will count her eggs or chicks about as well as an Australian savage can count his game. So that the fundamental characteristics of the human mind are found in the higher order of vertebrates from the rodentia to which our house rat belongs, to the monkey tribes of South America. We have reference to Dr. Haygood's statement not so much for the sake of pleasantry, as because he makes it a stepping stone to another proposition about "the essential unity of the races." The proposition is equivocal. It may mean no more than we have already conceded, or it may convey an idea that no well-informed anthropologist will accept without modifications that utterly destroy its force in the present discussion.

This proposition is, however, the corner stone of his social philosophy. His repeated declaration that he stands "on the Decalogue and the Sermon on the Mount," may be the result of strange ignorance of his real logical whereabouts,

or it may be a piece of persiflage. One or the other it must be.

No man whose judgment is not warped by prejudice would find anything in the Decalogue or Sermon on the Mount in accord with the tone of this address. True he makes only an indirect allusion to slavery, but the supposed evils of it are the bottom fact in his Monteagle speech and yet more so in "Our Brother in Black."

Doctor Haygood can derive neither aid nor comfort from the Holy Scriptures. Moses and Christ were both in round terms slavery propagandists. Moses by Divine direction established it and fenced it about by severe penalties. Christ, although in frequent contact with it, nowhere in the four Gospels condemned it, as He did on all occasions the sins of the people. His Apostles, whom he himself ordained, by exhortation and otherwise enforced passive obedience on slaves (*douloi*) and reproved sharply those that were of a contrary mind.

Ingersoll, a rabid infidel and fierce anti-slavery fanatic, is as more consistent when he denounces the Bible for establishing and defending slavery. I wish Doctor Haygood had been more explicit in his statement as respects the unity and brotherhood of the races. Does he believe that the fifteen or more distinct races of mankind in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Oceanica and Polynesia all sprung from Adam, six thousand years ago? Or does he accept the Darwinian theory of unity, that all mankind have descended from the *Simius Homo*, the missing link between the Anthropoid apes and the lowest of human savages? His statement as it stands is exceedingly vague. We know not what is the precise import of his newly coined phrase, "essential unity." We infer, however, from his general teaching, that he accepts the former rather than the latter view. In that event his ethnology may be theologically correct, but it is scientifically absurd and scripturally false, and is about on a par with Rev. John Jasper's astronomy. Jasper, who insists that the sun does move, while the earth stands still, has at least one text in the Book of Joshua

which, when literally construed, appears to sustain his theory. But the Bible makes no more reference to the ethnology in question than to the theory of the tides, or to the satellites of Jupiter. It does, however, suggest the existence of pre-Adamite races and so far has, in other instances, anticipated the discoveries of physical science.

The earth has moved forward in its orbit some billions of miles and carried John Jasper with it since Cuvier and Blumenbach made the *genus homo* to comprehend only a single species with three or five varieties of mankind. Ethnologists, although still but "squatters in the far West of learning," have made decided progress since Prichard argued that climate and diet and association in barely six thousand years sufficiently accounted for the diversities not only of color and of physical structure but civilization, that so strongly demarcate the tribes of men. As to the brotherhood of the races we accept it as a sentiment, but not as a scientific or Scriptural verity.

There is a relationship, and a most sacred one, between all the races of men, and it is based not upon a common descent, but on the humanity of the races, and yet more on a common redemption. In a smaller measure we are related to the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air, and even to everything great and small, animate and inanimate, not only on this earth, but throughout the universe of God. As an ethnological question, purely, we believe that Negroes, Aryans, Mongolians, Indians, Eskimos, Malayans, etc., and likewise Gibbons' Gorillas, Chimpanzees and South American monkeys all belong to the zoological order of primates. Nor do we credit the hypothesis of Darwin, that a negro was ever evolved from an ourang outang or any other ape; nor do we believe that a negro or Mongolian or Malayan was ever developed from a white man. We agree, substantially, with the view of Agassiz, the great Christian anthropologist, that God created each species of men. That as there were different centers of creation for plants and lower animals, so, also, for men. The Aryans, for example, were created on the great central plateaus of Asia, and the negro

in central and western Africa. We believe, furthermore, that the gulf between these different species cannot be bridged over by the natural selection of the evolutionist, by the elementary or higher education schemes of Dr. Haygood, nor the social equality dogmas of New England divines.

Between this theory and that of Darwin, the scientists are divided. Still we suppose Dr. Haygood will dissent from both and cling to the Adamic origin of all the races barely six thousand years ago.

He is wise enough to know that his entire argument on the negro question rests on that foundation. If it is true, then all objections, not only to the education of the negro, but to political and social equality, even to the extent of miscegenation, may be resolved, as he expresses it, farther on into "prejudice against a negro, because he is a negro." Besides, slavery, notwithstanding the express testimony of Christ and the Apostles, was the "sum of villainies," and Jeff. Davis ought not only to have been manacled in Fortress Monroe, but he ought to have been hanged as high as Haman. Dr. Haygood, in this connection, refuses to say which of the two races, on this continent, is susceptible of the widest culture and capable of the largest development. He loses sight of the fact that comparative anatomy teaches that the negro brain, as measured by Camper's facial angle, is notably deficient in the cerebral portion. He forgets that the cubic capacity of the negro cranium is one-tenth less than that of the Caucasian. He ceases to remember that the negro brain weighs one-tenth less than the brain of the white man. We speak of averages. In not a few instances the Caucasian brain has reached sixty ounces and more, while the average is but fifty ounces.

While he talks learnedly of ethnic endowments and ethnic developments, he commits a blunder that a Freshman ought to be ashamed of. He speaks of the Britons of Cæsar's time as our ancestors. A common school history would have shown him his error. These Britons were dark-skinned Euskarians, near akin to the Basques of Gaul and Spain, with

a slight infusion of Celtic-Aryan blood. There was not, we may safely say, a Roman Legionary to be found between the wall of Severus and the Straits of Dover when our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, of Teutonic blood, began to colonize the eastern shores of England. According to eminent historians, these Teutonic tribes thoroughly extirpated the Britons.

We think, however, a considerable number of them escaped to the mountain fastnesses of Wales, the Eastern Highlands of Scotland and the southwestern part of Cornwall. Those that survived, in the midland, were at least reduced to a slavery as abject as that of Gurth, the swineherd of Cedric the Saxon. To find our true ancestors he will have to go back more than a thousand years beyond the landing of Julius Caesar, to the Aryan race, who three thousand years ago produced the Homeric poems, and the literature of the Vedas.

And yet he hesitates to speak of the comparative advancement of such a race, and the negro who for ten thousand years or other immense period has been grovelling in unmitigated barbarism. With a large admixture of white blood, he exhibits in a few instances a fair capacity in some departments of learning. But a pure blooded negro has by divine law a child's brain and a child's intellect. He may acquire as a white child can do a knowledge not only of grammar and geography, but with the help of a good verbal memory, he may acquire by rote a knowledge of languages. But never, under the manipulations of either Oberlin or Wilberforce, has he developed even the germ of the philosophical faculty.

Having disposed of these preliminary questions, Dr. Haygood comes to his "higher plane" of argument. He says that the negro ought to be educated. Upon this point our reply shall be brief, as we reserve our elaborate answer for another place in this discussion. There is such a thing in judicial proceedings as a lawyer admitting himself out of court. According to every legal precedent, Dr. Haygood is bound to suffer a nonsuit or dismiss his case. "Every State

in the Union with possibly a single exception," he says, "does now, in principle at least, use its school funds without distinction of race." Why then this frequent and flagrant assault on the "ignorance and prejudice" of the South? If all the States recognize the duty of educating the negro, why this periodical vaporizing at Washington and Monteagle and Chataqua by our reverend friend? Don Quixote's tilt at the windmill was a sensible procedure compared with this lusty boxing match with his own shadow. With marvelous ingenuity he constructs a man of straw, and straightway proceeds to pound it with the vigor and pertinacity of a professional pugilist. And all this and more like it, he undertakes to bolster up by a string of theological platitudes that are quite out of place in the sober discussion of a grave political problem.

This he calls his "higher plane of right and reason." We confess that to us it appears a carmagnole, "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

Let us then consider his "lower plane" argument. "The negro," he says, "is here and here to stay." This nips colonization in the bud. For who after this *ex cathedra* announcement, will be rash enough to challenge the statement? Homer's "stamp of fate and sanction of God" was not more authoritative than this will be with that select class who always sneeze when Dr. Haygood takes snuff.

So far as we are concerned we have a painful recognition of the fact "that he is here," and as to the other part of the proposition, "he is here to stay," we are supremely indifferent. Let him stay or go as he likes; nor are we fastidious as "to the order of his going."

The statement, however, is in bad taste, as it smacks somewhat of a taunt or a threat. But we are further admonished that our Brother in Black is armed with the ballot, that in some States he is in the majority, and that in all the Southern States he is "a tremendous power." Still seeking to terrorize the illiterate "white trash" of the South, he affirms "that they are increasing steadily, rapidly and faster than the whites." Let us prick this

bubble made up of bad logic and worse arithmetic. We are well apprised of the wonderful fecundity of the negress. Prof. Harrison, of Virginia, speaks from personal observation, when he testifies that in the savage wilds of the once flourishing colony of Hayti, they spawn like frogs in the swamps. But unfortunately for Dr. Haygood's argument, a small percentage of these survive the perils of infancy long enough to reach the census tables.

The deaths amongst negro children there, not less than here, are disproportionately large to the number of births. In the neighboring Island of Jamaica, where the negro has had all the "brotherly help" of the English Government, with all the advantages of vast missionary appropriations, he has steadily declined in mind and morals. Besides, since his emancipation in 1833, he has increased only at the rate of ten per cent. in each decade. To go farther back, he barely doubled his population from 1807 to 1878. How does this correspond with the increase 34.78 claimed for him by the United States Census statistics of 1880. Doctor Haygood says that one man of weight has impeached the accuracy of that census, but that it is after all the highest authority. He says likewise that the negro has increased "steadily and rapidly." Is it possible that he was ignorant of the fact that from 1820 to 1870, a period of fifty years, with a very slight improvement in a single decade, he uniformly decreased in rate of increase until he fell from 31.44 in 1830 to 9.86 in 1870! In New England, where he was free, he increased not exceeding nineteen per cent. during the entire forty years prior to 1850. With these figures, which are the "highest authority," does any man believe that in the last decade his rate of increase jumped at a single bound from its minimum rate of 9.86 in 1870 to the unprecedented rate of 34.78 in 1880?

But we are prepared to accept Doctor Haygood's own estimate, the erroneous census of 1880 included, and demonstrate the incorrectness of his other statement that the blacks have increased faster than the whites. "One hundred years ago," he says "there were in this country, seven

hundred thousand slaves now there are seven millions. That is, they have multiplied ten times." There is of course a measure of uncertainty as to the exact number of either whites or blacks in 1783, as there was no national census prior to 1790. Taking that census as a criterion I think he has fully stated the number of blacks in 1783. According to the same census and the best historical data besides, the white population at the same date was approximating two millions eight hundred thousand—but we will make it in round numbers—three millions. In the same hundred years the whites have increased to forty-six millions and have multiplied *not* ten times but *fifteen* times. At the close of our Revolutionary struggle the ratio of whites to blacks was four and one-half to one—in 1880, accepting the disputed census returns of that year—the ratio was six whites to one black. Now it becomes easy to answer that terrific interrogatory of Doctor Haygood "what will be the negro population in 1993?" Well, barring such frightful contingencies as the impact of the comet of 1843 or another glacial period resulting from a serious disturbance of the solar photosphere—leaving out those cataclysms and allowing the same relative increase of the two races, there would be in 1993 seventy millions of blacks and mulattos and six hundred and twenty millions of whites. So that the ratio would then be eight whites to one black. We trust these sum totals are both "interesting and instructive" to Doctor Haygood. But Doctor Haygood puts in a saving clause about white immigration to this country which does not, however, materially affect the argument. This, we allow, has contributed largely to the aggregate white population. Especially has this immigration greatly increased since 1840. It may be well, however, for him to consider as a legitimate set-off in part to this foreign-born population, the large numbers of whites that have perished in the numerous Indian wars of the last century—in the war of 1812 by land and sea—in the Mexican war and in the four years' war between the States. And yet another important item—the importation of African and West India negroes from

1783 to 1808 when the slave trade was abolished. And the large number since imported in spite of every precaution, as late even as 1858. Summing up hardly less than two millions to be credited to relative increase of white population. Making, therefore, the largest allowance for white immigration, the whole statement of Doctor Haygood falls to the ground.

He believes implicitly that the negro's emancipation was providential and not political. We may insist with equal confidence that this tide of white immigration is itself a sort of providential compensation in behalf of the South. But if this greater relative increase of the whites was exclusively due to immigration how does it help his argument? Whence is to come the sceptered Canute who is to arrest the constantly swelling flood of industrious farmers and artisans from the broad plains of Central Europe, and those sturdy laborers from the Scandinavian mountains? What are his methods for staying the Irish, Scotch and English immigration? What also of the vast influx of Chinamen and Japanese in future years by way of the West? Add these vast multitudes to the expansion of our white population and we shall have in fifty years a continent crowded with Mongolian and Aryan races representing the two oldest civilizations of the world. If we may be permitted the same liberty—of prophesying with Doctor Haygood—we would say both in sorrow and in soberness, that these poor Africans, such of them as shall escape the ravages of syphilis and small-pox and the curse of whisky and starvation, will be ground to powder between these upper and nether mill-stones. As he well says, "it is time to consider facts." In the light of these facts what becomes of the fanciful hypothesis of an overshadowing negro element in 1993? Why be at pains to conjure up a hideous spectre to frighten women and children? Why even the negro who has suffered himself to be bamboozled almost to his ruin is beginning to reflect. His intuitions are wiser than your conclusions. Colonization, doubtful as we are of its beneficial results, is a better solution of this problem

than your spelling-book philosophy. The Christianized Indian tribes are decreasing in population and resources under the shadow of church spires and in full view of academies. The wild tribes exhibit a slow rate of increase but no intelligent man questions that the race itself is doomed. And yet the ancestors of these tribes were of the same lineage with those races who built up the civilization of the Aztecs and Incas—and erected Palenque and like cities of Central America whose architecture indicates a remarkable advancement.

Is the negro better fitted to grapple with the white man in the arena of even industrial competition? In what age or country has the negro shown the capacity or the disposition to rise above the lowest level of barbarism except as aided by a superior race? But hitherto you allege he has had no chance for self-development.

Hear the testimony of a prominent Northern Republican who has had opportunities of studying this question in all its phases. In reply to my inquiry, what shall we do with our Brother in Black? he replied, "You have got to do one of three things—you must remand him to a subordinate position short of actual slavery, or ship him from the country, or else kill him."

I replied, "That is a fearful trilemma, the first and second seem now impracticable and the last is a cruel alternative."

Said he with firmness, "One of the three is inevitable, these Eastman riots and Athens mobs are significant of what shall follow on a larger scale."

"But," I added, "what about educating him?"

"Oh," replied he, "that is all bosh! We have tried it North for sixty or seventy years, and they are with us as with you a loathsome ulcer on the body-politic."

And although we have conceded that Dr. Haygood is neither deficient in learning nor integrity, we are constrained to say that on this and kindred questions he sorely needs what Emerson has aptly denominated "the restraining grace of *common sense*."

Dr. Haygood, still occupying his "lower plane," resumes

his rôle as an alarmist. This time it is not the more rapid increase of the black than the white population, but the illiteracy of both races in the South. He undertakes to startle the country by the announcement that there were 200,000 more male adults in the South in 1880 who could not read, than in 1870. To make this Bombast strain more silly, he inflicts on his hearers a pitiful asthmatic joke at the expense of certain philosophers who are bold enough to differ with him.

He, time and again, affirms that illiteracy is steadily increasing among the Southern voters. We are quite sure Dr. H. does not mean to be understood as asserting that the illiteracy of the whites of the South is larger in proportion to the population than at former periods, and yet that is a fair inference, and indeed all that gives any force to his declaration. We have not canvassed closely the census tables on this point, partly for the reason that the limitations as to age have been frequently changed so as to affect the value of the results deduced from the comparative tables. Even the Census Bureau confesses the defect. But we venture to deny that the ratio of illiteracy to white male adults has increased in the Southern States, but rather has diminished with each successive decade.

Take Georgia itself, and mark how plain a tale will put him down.

In 1850 there were 16,000 adult white males who could not read and write; in 1870, twenty years thereafter (embracing the civil war period when the schools and colleges were neglected) there were 21,000. This shows, compared with population, a slight diminution of illiteracy. We are aware that according to the census of 1880, the accuracy of which has been inveighed against from all quarters and by both races, the illiteracy is stated at 28,000.

Dr. Orr, the State commissioner of Georgia, whose opportunities of correct information were, we think, quite as good as the census bureau, reported 20,000 in 1878. So that these statistics are, after all, too inaccurate for any conclusion except that as to Georgia, with which we are chiefly concerned in this discussion, the illiteracy is diminishing.

The same favorable result might be reached by a similar analysis of the tabulated statements in regard to nearly all the States of the Union. Let Dr. H. possess his soul in patience, for if elementary education is to save the republic there is less danger now than at any date since the inauguration of Washington. There was a vast amount of illiteracy in all the States in the earlier and purer days of the first Presidents. And yet there was incalculably less official corruption and defalcation during the twenty-four years of Jefferson and Madison and Monroe's administrations than during the eight years of Grant or the four years of Rutherford Hayes.

If statistics, as usually obtained, are reliable for any purpose, we are clearly warranted in saying that there is no appreciable connexion between illiteracy and crime, or even illiteracy and honest and economical administration of Government.

Massachusetts, that boasts of its culture, is credited by the census with a larger percentage of criminals than Georgia. We confess that we are not insensible to the evils that have been thrust upon the country by the political enfranchisement of millions of slaves, not only illiterate but morally debased by centuries of barbarism. For this no class of men are responsible except the anti slavery fanatics of the North. Millions of the best people of the Northern States deplored it, as for the South she was driven to submit to this outrage by military coercion.

Dr. Haygood thinks that he understands "fairly well" the unfitness of the negro for the elective function. But the negro is a voter, and there's an end of it. A late English writer has said with emphasis, "The most damnable precept of worldly wisdom is that which teaches us to accept the accomplished fact. By it wrong is entrenched, might is accepted for right, and the hazard of success is brought to be the final test of truth."

In some other respects Dr. Haygood's statesmanship needs enlightenment and enlargement. He fairly shivers with affright at the immense illiterate negro vote. At this

point, likewise, he needs a little of "the restraining grace" above referred to as a nervous sedative.

We, of the South, ought to understand something of the logic of numbers. In the late war we learned that a million of soldiers was an over-match for two hundred and fifty thousand. We found, to our cost, in the great presidential fraud, that eight was a heavier number than seven. But after all, the great problems of human history are not solved by the Rule of Three, but by the formulas of a higher mathematics, in which X Y and Z are the representatives of *unknown* quantities.

This illiterate vote will not overthrow the Government. The masses, indeed, seldom vote revolutions; and both Federals and Confederates are satisfied on that line for the next half century. After all, as we have shown, this negro element of our population is a vanishing fraction. The Brother in Black will become, year after year, a less influential factor in national politics. Twenty years hence a constable, much less a Governor, will not deign to canvass for his suffrage. Anglo-Saxon blood and brain will rule muscle and sinew. Dr. Haygood may have forgotten that thirty-five millions of Englishmen dominate two hundred and forty millions in India—although these latter are of Aryan descent—likewise that thirty thousand Athenian freemen controlled the three hundred thousand slaves of Attica, and yet these latter were not negroes, but the kith and kin of races that crossed the Alps with Hannibal and followed the conquering standard of Alexander to the Indus.

The negro, with or without the spelling book, will never destroy this Government. Dr. Haygood may, therefore, dismiss his fears, put on his night cap and dream to his heart's content of the coming Aristotles, Platos, Bacons, LaPlaces and Newtons of the negro race; and of that grand Christian Empire that Livingstone (grand soul as he was) thought of founding on the shores of the Zambesi. Let him sleep soundly and wake up to find not a feather plucked from the wing or tail of the bird of freedom, the star-spangled banner still booming, and nation still spelt with a big N, if the

democracy shouldn't go into power and put the Ship of State again on the old Jeffersonian tack.

We have now reached a stage in this discussion when it becomes necessary to inquire as did patient Job, what does all this arguing reprove? Doctor Haygood asserts that the State Governments are committed to the policy of negro education, and that they are estopped from any discrimination on account of race or previous condition of servitude. Has the South expressed any unwillingness to help in the education of the negro? So far from it, they were doing it at the very hour when before his Monteagle audience he scoffed at their ignorance and prejudice, and twitted them for wanting to keep them in ignorance that they might the better enslave them. We quote his own words: "Intelligence spoils no man for anything that a man ought to do in this world. And were it otherwise what right before God has one human being to keep another human being in ignorance in order to keep him his slave?" "Before God" to borrow his own almost irreverent expletive, what has the patient and long suffering Southern States done to deserve such an accusation? Well nigh impoverished by a shameful confiscation of our negro property we have yet from our scanty earnings contributed millions to the education of our former slaves. The whites bear almost the entire burden of the civil list, pay the principal and interest of an enormous public debt imposed largely by a carpet-bag dynasty. We pay a poll tax and give half the rental of the State road and other special taxes to a school fund that is distributed *pro rata* for the education of both races—giving three months tuition to ninety thousand negro children per annum. And still we are denounced for our opposition to negro education. Doctor Orr, the State School Commissioner, says that in 1878 there were seven hundred and fifty thousand negro children enrolled in the Southern States, at a cost certainly of not less than two millions of dollars. And of this amount the white tax-payers contributed fully 95 per cent. of the entire outlay.

Dr. Whedon, to whom we have paid our respects else-

where, claims that we owe these former slaves all that we have, either as principal or interest for wages earned during their long bondage. We suppose Doctor Haygood will not endorse this proposition, and still we are not advised of the extent of his demands. He talks of the liberality of the North who have sent twenty-four millions South since the war for the Freedmen's education. This is something less than six cents per capita of its population per annum. Of this amount seventy-five per cent. went in the way of salaries to a class of men and women who, with rare exceptions, were not wanted at home, and who were prompted by filthy lucre and a fanatical hatred of the South. Doctor Haygood upbraids us for not appreciating their unselfish labors in this behalf. He grants that there were a few marplots—but in the main they were “devoted men and women.” The influence of their teaching we venture to say has damaged our industrial interests—has tended to intensify race antagonisms—and like the Egyptian plague of the frogs the evil of their instruction has injured the peace of our firesides, and the comfort of our homes. In a word these indoctrinations have but served to exasperate the negro and postpone if not utterly defeat the “era of good feeling” between the races that every good man sincerely wishes may be inaugurated.

Doctor Haygood next considers the objections to negro education which he classifies under four heads. Two of these objections, “ignorance and “stinginess,” are of such limited range that they are not entitled to consideration. His third reason “prejudice against a negro, because he is a negro,” is well nigh equally circumscribed. There are instances in which this prejudice does exist. But in an immense majority of cases the assertion is both a palpable begging of the question and an unwarrantable impeachment of the motives of men as wise and conscientious as himself. Doctor Haygood ought to know that the idea of common-school education at the South is not the offspring of his fertile brain. It was advocated by much abler men when he was shooting marbles or trundling a hoop in

the classic precincts of Watkinsville. Before even his first deliverances on the negro question the Legislatures of all the Southern States had made provision for the elementary education of both races. There are however a great multitude of our people who do not think that education is restricted to the school room, with its globes and maps and black-boards. Men who honestly and wisely believe that in the matter of education the negroes greatest need is moral advancement. We think that this can be best effected through the agency of a non-political Gospel and next to this in importance, if not equal to it, is for them to be trained to industry, not in schools of technology, but in the cotton-patch and work-shop.

Universal education, if it were practicable, is not such a pressing necessity for the health of the body politic as a well organized labor system. Hugh Miller was certainly fit to be reasoned with, and yet he likened this vaunted scheme of popular education to an effort to convert brass farthings into gold guineas, by sheer dint of scouring. Dr. Haygood's enthusiasm on this point is suggestive of Robin Roughhead's plans, in the farce of "Fortune's Frolic." Robin declared, after his sudden enrichment, that there should be neither widows nor orphans in the parish, for he would marry the former and father the latter. Dr. Haygood is likewise resolved that there shall be no illiteracy in this country. Not only the whites shall be cared for, but the blacks as well. He seems hopeful of an educational millenium, when buck negroes, who ought to be at the anvil or between the plow-handles, shall be able to construct Latin hexameters like a senior wrangler at Oxford. When, besides, colored damsels, whose proper place is at the cooking stove and the wash tub, will speak French with the Parisian accent, and all the little darkies shall be organized into spelling bees in every town, hamlet and neighborhood, from the Penobscot to the Rio Grande. If anybody should dissent from these Utopian theories, he insists on calling in the fierce Arabs who burnt the Alexandrian library. If anybody ventures a doubt that the mastery of the three R's is not of supreme importance

to the national well-being, then let our colleges and school-houses be razed to the ground or consumed to ashes. Such a spectacle of "dire combustion and hideous ruin" is enough to give "Uncle Sam," the Nation's mythological daddy, a touch of the nightmare.

Of course, Dr. Haygood does not literally intend all this, but such is the drift of his oratorical flourishes and rhetorical bravuras in this connection.

Now a vast number of the Southern people are rightly persuaded that three R's, as he classically expresses it, without moral and industrial training, will only help to make the negro a more expert rogue and forger, and a more incorrigible loafer and dead-beat. For this reason our people have contributed vast sums in this direction. True Dr. Haygood, in a published communication, says he never knew but one Southern man to contribute as much as one thousand dollars to the help of the negro. He makes no account of the fact, that can hardly have escaped his notice, that the Southern whites have paid millions to the building of their churches and school-houses and to furnish them with books and other facilities and to clothe and feed the aged and sick and helpless amongst them. Nor this in the way of taxation, but voluntary offerings, an amount which in the aggregate greatly exceeds the boasted liberality of the Freedman's Aid Society, which persistently blows a trumpet to attract the public gaze to its beggarly alms. These nameless and numberless charities of the South, like the widow's mite, are not incorporated in Annual Society reports nor in the United States census statistics; but their "record is on high." So much for what he curtly styles "prejudice against a negro, because he is a negro."

The 4th ground of objection, which he states is the apprehension of two evils, supposed to be consequent upon the education of the negro. 1st. That "it spoils him as a laborer." Now this, we observe, is a question of fact to be ascertained by history and extensive observation. His sweeping declaration "that education is never a disqualification for any thing," is simply sophomoric, and so, also, the assertion that

the opinion that in the case of the negro (whose race-tendencies are to slothfulness and vagabondism) it might foster idleness, is "mean, cowardly and the tyranny of bossism." Does not this rigmarole savor of "sham and cant." To us it seems a very transparent sham and a most offensive cant, the like of which is seldom heard outside of a Puritan conventicle.

As an offset to this we oppose the historical truth that in the West Indies and Northern States, where they have had for more than a half-century schools of every grade, they are notoriously inefficient and untrustworthy as laborers. Here in our own midst it is the almost universal testimony of farmers, mechanics and housekeepers that they have deteriorated greatly.

There are few farmers in Georgia that would not greatly prefer a negro of the ante-bellum pattern, as a farm hand, to the best of the "new issue." For the chief industrial pursuits of the country, the education of the negro, as far as the experiment has been carried, North and South, is a positive disadvantage. Any thing, at most, above a merely elementary training, does disqualify the present generation for any purpose beyond the dirty work of a ward-politician or the swaggering insolence of a street bully.

As a rule, the freedmen throughout the South work barely five days in the week. They flock to every court and every circus—they frequent every political and religious assemblage, and take stock in every railroad excursion without reference to the condition of the growing crop, and then at the close of the year, complain bitterly that they have no surplus money for their labor. We submit to Dr. Haygood, if a stringent and well-enforced vagrant law is not a more imperative necessity than any number of primary schools. We allow, in the foregoing statement, for many exceptional cases. Most of these, however, still speak the dialect of Uncle Remus, and say "Ole Massa," instead of "Boss." When the last of that sort dies let him be buried at the expense of the State—let General Toombs, the Rienzi of Georgia, pronounce the funeral oration, and let the Legislature

erect a monument to him as high as that at Bunker Hill. Nor is there the slightest pertinency or force in the assertion that the objection we are discussing applies as well "to the education of poor whites."

There is, according to our theory, a marked difference between the two races. The "poor white" boy is, in our estimation, greatly superior to a negro boy, although the latter may weigh as much as the former. Dr. Haygood's nebulous views of ethnology may prevent him from seeing that this question is not purely a question of *avoirdupois*. The distinction lies deeper than the color of the skin—the creative hand that formed them both made them for different spheres of activity. Therefore it is that their intellectual constitution is radically different. So that to reason from one race to the other involves a manifest absurdity.

And yet few men in the South object to the negro having his share of the school fund, although he contributes hardly any thing to it. Indeed, thousands of slaves were taught to read and write, not only "before Appomattox," but before Dr. Haygood's heroine of Canterbury Green was badgered by a Connecticut mob. As before said, Dr. Haygood, in regard to this whole question, is wearying himself in fighting a "man of straw." While thus industriously and vehemently beating the air, he makes a solemn appeal to history. This time against a Ku-Klux monstrosity, that he calls "repression." He cites the Russian system of government as the best illustration of his meaning. This we infer is an argument against keeping the negro in his normal relation to the superior race.

We might with equal propriety refer to the madness of Revolutionary France, as an argument for the divine right of kings, and the need of an omnipresent constabulary. We are alike opposed to the Russian knout and the French guillotine. But if shut up to such an alternative, any sane man would prefer a "despotism tempered by assassination," to an anarchy like that of 1789, when in Paris and Lyons and Bordeaux, a brutal rabble sung the *Marseillaise*, the death chant of the best and noblest blood of the land. When

all of virtue and worth was seeking refuge in Switzerland and Germany, or else standing bravely to the National colors, in the single department of La Vendée.

Then and there repression was unmistakably demanded. Bonaparte understood this when, after years of weltering anarchy, he turned his shotted guns on the insurgent sections of Paris, and by a dozen rounds of grape and canister, put an end to that "dance of death."

It is well for Dr. Haygood to consider that the maintenance of law and order is not repression in any odious sense. The enforcement of subordination is not repression. Moreover, repression has its uses. The policeman's club is a badge of repression; the penitentiary and the gibbet are painfully repressive to thieves and murderers. The Penal Code of every government on earth is sternly repressive, and the burning hell of the Christian creed is the very climax of repression.

Wisely does the judicious Hooker say, that LAW is the voice of God and the harmony of the universe. And this majestic law in its first and last analysis means REPRESSION. An occasional study of these rudiments of jurisprudence is good "for the use of edifying."

If Dr. Haygood will point out any legal discrimination in any Southern State, against any class of our population, it will be time to discuss repression from his standpoint. Until he does this let him for the sake of decency spare the South his furious invectives.

With some he says there is an objection to negro education, from "a vague fear of something that is called social equality." There is surely nothing "vague" about the Civil Rights Bill, which was as to the spirit of it is designed to gratify partisan hate and to humiliate a fallen foe. That there is "something" in it is evident from the fines and imprisonments that have been actually suffered for pretended violations of it. Only the other day the keeper of a restaurant, in New Jersey, was fined for refusing to admit a negro to social equality with his white guests. That the law is a partial nullity in some places is because an en-

lightened public sentiment condemns it as only less iniquitous than the Norman Curfew.

Dr. Haygood is partially correct for once, when says that legislative enactments cannot regulate social intercourse. But they can and do inflict severe penalties, and yet more intolerable outrages. They furnish a vantage ground to those political adventurers who clamor so loudly and so long for the elevation of our "Brother in Black."

Dr. Haygood, however, suggests that this mysterious "something" called social equality cannot possibly do any harm, even if the Statutes at Large, backed by a file of bayonets, undertake its enforcement, because of certain *affinities* which settle the whole matter. This sounds like a fresh discovery, but it is after all unwittingly borrowed from the metaphysics of Free-Loveism. Down South scarcely one in a hundred has ever heard of Free-Loveism, but up North they understand it "fairly well." Especially in the model commonwealth of Massachusetts, where everybody reads and writes and anybody can obtain a divorce. The philosophy of it is there a theme of fireside conversation. If you chance to be in Massachusetts on the Sabbath, go to an average church and you will recognize the ghostly minister by his faultless necktie and his conventional coat and vest. If you listen you will find that he preaches a "Gospel of abuse," spiced with an occasional spread-eagle reference to Lexington and Bunker Hill, and a fulsome tribute to the American Union. If you examine his appreciative congregation you will find in that pew a burly deacon who grew immensely rich by shouting for the "Flag," at a convenient distance from the rebel guns, and manufacturing shoddy shoes for the army; not far off sits a "reverend seignor," possibly a selectman of the town, who enjoys the distinction of sitting in the same congregation with three wives, two of them already divorced for want of "affinity," and the third waiting her turn. The sermon ended, now comes the closing prayer. With uplifted hands the surpliced hypocrite thanks God for the safe voyage of the Mayflower and the glorious civilization of Massachusetts.

But, beyond all, he blesses God that they are not as vile as the wicked and unrepentant slaveocrats of Georgia, nor even as sensual and devilish as the Polygamous Mormons of Utah. Dr. Haygood's theory of elective affinities may find acceptance there, but to our mind there is neither religion or statesmanship in such schoolboy philosophy.

This social equality means something with the negro, who has been industriously taught by pulpit and press, and a host of Yankee school marms, that he is the equal of the white man and, if he had a fair chance, perhaps his superior. That he is of the same blood and the offspring of the same Universal Father. Who shall hinder him from intermarriage with the blue-eyed Saxon or the dark-eyed Castilian?

Here is "dynamite and death and hell!" Here are the seeds of race conflicts and midnight conflagrations. History sacred and profane is full of it from Cain, the first miscegenationist, to the large number of negroes that are now in our chain gang for rapes perpetrated on defenceless white women. Not only in grosser forms, but in many smaller ways, this struggle for social equality is exhibiting itself in town and country. Men like Dr. Whedon who caress Dr. Haygood with one hand and buffet him with the other. Who say in one breath that he is the ablest preacher and foremost statesman of the South, and in the next that the Federal armies emancipated him (Dr. Haygood) as well as the negro. Men of Whedon's stamp and calibre would rejoice at the utter wreck of our Southern civilization and the utter overthrow of white supremacy from Maryland to Texas.

And yet, forsooth, it is a "vague fear of something called social equality." This is assuredly a mild way of putting a problem that is a standing menace to the peace and prosperity of the whole nation.

But Dr. Haygood is not content with the education of the negroes, even by the white tax-payers of the South. He insists that the work must be incomplete, unless the teaching be done partly by the Southern whites. This, whether intended (which we do not

believe) or otherwise, is in the same direction of social equality. Any unwillingness on the part of Southern men or women to engage in this enterprise is not simply absurd, but farther, it is positively "sinful."

We are prepared to make allowance for the confused moral perceptions of a Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy, who makes conscience in matters of ethical truth a surer guide than reason, as differentiated from the merely logical understanding. According to this hypothesis we should have as many standards of absolute right as there are degrees of spiritual illumination amongst individuals and races.

But this teaching of negroes by Southern whites is not a theological but a social problem. Indeed, it is rather a question of taste, or some might say of smell, and of the fitness of things, and will be so treated by the great majority of level-headed people. Doubtless Dr. Haygood can find a number of honest enthusiasts who will respond; and as Trustee of the Slater fund he can reckon on a larger number who will seek such employment for the sake of emolument. Whether they will be discounted or suffer social ostracism will depend, as he argues elsewhere, on "the *affinities*." Hitherto in despite of the Civil Rights Bill they have kept negroes from our tables and parlors, and if these marvellous "affinities" should operate to a similar exclusion of the white teachers of negro schools, it is Dr. Haygood's funeral and not ours. "Great changes" he says, "occur in a life-time;" and if he will let patience have its perfect work "these prejudices may be buried." "Birnam wood may come to Dunsinane," as Shakespeare phrases it. The bramble may be promoted not only to equality with, but to supremacy over the vine and the olive as in the parable of Jotham.

Possibly when Dr. Haygood's youngest boy shall have attained to the ripe age of Methusaleh, the Ethiopian shall have changed his skin, and fashions so altered that the native aroma of our Brother in Black, may be preferred to Lubin's choicest extracts. When that time arrives,

whether sooner or later, it will require more than a dozen Slater funds to pay the salaries of the Southern white men and women, who will offer themselves willingly for this service, which he assures us "angels would delight" in doing.

He is startled if not indignant at the inconsistency of our Southern ladies in teaching negroes to sew and cook, or of our lawyers and doctors practising law and prescribing medicine for them; and yet either not teaching or else disowning others for teaching negro schools. Dr. Haygood had better look after his own consistency before he hurls stones at other folk's glass houses. He will preach and exhort and pray with a negro bishop until midnight, and yet if the bishop should propose to share a clean bed with him, he might not fight, but he would at least "turn away in a rage."

Some wicked journalist has suggested that Dr. Haygood show his "faith by his works," that he exchange positions with Dr. Callaway for example. That journalist ought to know that preachers are sometimes chargeable with inconsistency. Not a few in and out of the pulpit point out the steep and thorny way, whilst themselves "the primrose path of dalliance tread."

Seneca, the philosopher, the most notorious usurer and money lender of Nero's court, lectured Lucilius on the beauties and blessings of poverty. Froude, the English historian, says that he advised Lucilius to try at short intervals the beggar's fare, and the beggar's pallet, so that he might know how to sympathize with the sufferings of poverty.

Notwithstanding this cheap advice to Lucilius, we nowhere read that Seneca, the Jay Gould of his generation, ever failed when in health to eat according to Roman usage, two "square meals" every day throughout the year.

We do not question Dr. Haygood's right to refuse the bishop's request. As said in a former paper, it was race instinct, rebelling against his own logic; but seriously

practice preaches more effectively than precept. So much for Southern white teachers of negro schools.

In his summing up, Dr. Haygood quotes the prophecy of Jefferson, in 1782: "Nothing is more certainly written in the Book of Fate, than these people are to be free; nor is it less certain that the two races, equally free, cannot live in the same Government?" Be it remembered that was in 1782. Mr. Jefferson, although he continued a practical Emancipationist, greatly modified his views before his death in 1824. Until his dying day he held that the question of domestic slavery belonged exclusively to the State Government, and then not without fair compensation to the owners. No man of the present century ever had a heartier contempt for those wretched miscreants who urged the abolition of slavery by the General Government, even in those places where it had exclusive jurisdiction. So that the "Sage of Monticello" was at no time in sympathy with that party who shamefully robbed the South of its millions of slave property.

Subsequent events have shown that Mr. Jefferson was right in his first prediction, and unless the history of the world from the Book of Joshua downwards is at fault—the second prediction that the two races cannot dwell together in unity is only awaiting a speedy fulfillment. Doctor Haygood accepts the former part of the prophesy but rejects the latter. And yet Doctor Haygood may search in vain for a solitary historical precedent when two races, so radically dissimilar as the whites and blacks and so nearly balanced in numerical strength, ever inhabited the same country, but that slavery or serfdom or extermination was the fate of the inferior. He says that Mr. Jefferson might have been right as to infidel France or pagan Rome. Here, as usual, he is unfortunate in his historical references. Infidel France in the matter of negro emancipation was many years in advance of Christian England. The same convention that dethroned the God of the universe and abolished the Christian Sabbath decreed the emancipation of the negroes of San Domingo. This was done while Christian

England and Puritan Massachusetts and Connecticut were kidnapping negroes on the African coast to sell to Southern and West Indian planters.

Doctor Johnson, the autocrat of the club-room, said on one occasion, that the Devil was the first Whig - he might have said with greater truth that Robespierre was the first Abolitionist. Robespierre was ahead of Wilberforce and Clarkson. Indeed the master-spirits of American abolitionism were largely men who scoffed at religion and the Bible, and said with Tom Paine, himself an Abolitionist, that Jesus Christ was "a bastard begotten by the Holy Ghost." As for Pagan Rome the first step towards the downfall of public liberty was the admission of the inferior races to Roman citizenship. This, more than Pharsalia and Phillipi, paved the way to the Empire and to the final visitation of the Goths and Vandals. As to the second prediction Doctor Haygood modestly thinks that if Mr. Jefferson had studied French infidelity less and Christianity more he might have been of a different opinion.

We appreciate the value and power of Christianity. But we should be blind to the facts of history if we did not know that while it has softened in some instances the evils of war, it has for nearly two thousand years vindicated the Divine testimony that He came not to send PEACE on the earth but a SWORD. During all this period, upon one specious pretext or another, it has been the occasion and inspiration of the most destructive wars that have desolated the world. We believe, notwithstanding, that these convulsions are like the storms that purify the natural atmosphere. By this means he is winnowing the chaff from the wheat and preparing the way to a higher civilization. This is indicated in the gradual decay of the lower races of men and animals. For some sentimental philanthropist to weep over these unsearchable but inflexible judgments of the Most High is like Sterne's moralizing over a dead ass or Mark Twain shedding tears at the hypothetical tomb of Adam.

The feud of Saxon and Celt, although both of Aryan

descent, is written on every page of modern history, and different forms of religion have only served to intensify it. As between the blacks and whites, both on the same political level the former, with or without bloodshed, will waste away like the French of Louisiana and Canada and the Spaniards of Florida. The law of species amongst human races is as much the law of God as the law of repentance and faith and it will assert itself in the face of canting religionists of every grade and denomination.

Doctor Haygood flatters himself that with one foot on the Decalogue and the other on the Sermon on the Mount he can solve all problems that may be submitted. Hitherto, however, his decisions have only served "to embroil the fray." His utterances have stimulated partisan strife and bitterness, notably have they kept the negro population in a state of unrest and disquietude. The harmony of the church is imperilled so that a second division is a matter of newspaper discussion. We write thus plainly because we, not less than himself, have the welfare of the negro race at heart. We have associated with them from our infancy. They were our playmates in boyhood. They have nursed us in sickness and served us with more or less fidelity in health. As a slave owner we treated them with uniform kindness and forbearance. When they were wrested from us by military violence we gave them the best outfit our impoverished condition would allow.

Now that they are free, we counsel them to a recognition of the truth that they are a subordinate race. Any attempt at rivalry will be most disastrous to them sooner or later. The whites have the advantage in original, intellectual and moral endowments. This is supplemented by a civilization of thousands of years. They have, and will maintain and increase immensely, their numerical ascendancy. They have the wealth in houses and lands, and stock and railroads and money. He is a madman or an enemy who will advise them to antagonize this overwhelming odds. They may remain here in safety on the conditions stated. If you are too much inflated by self conceit to accept these

terms of settlement, then seek out West or East or North some Canaan where you may establish a colony of your own. This, we confess, is a sad alternative. Negro governments and negro colonies have been uniform failures. But it is better to risk this than to provoke race rivalries and race conflicts. The white immigration to this country, if not checked by unforeseen causes, in another half century will fall but little short of half the present aggregate population of the whole country, white and black. This flood of immigration is rising now. Presently it will cover the lower hills; in fifty years it will be creeping up the sides of the loftiest mountains. Already you are feeling the pressure of white competition. If you do not amend your ways this conquering Aryan race, not with sword or spear, but with their greater industrial qualifications, will drive you out of the labor market. You are straitened even to subsist now, it will be much worse then. Labor strikes will only sink you deeper in suffering and privation. As for insurrectionary movements, with such fearful odds against you, they could only end in shame and discomfiture on the gallows or in the chain gang. Educate your children as best you may be able, but don't depend on State or Federal Government, or freedman's aid societies and Slater funds. Abandon forever the dead-head system. Earn your bread and whatever else you need by the sweat of your brow.

Much that you have learned from Northern teachers, from press and pulpit and platform, must be unlearned. The Southern slave-holders, amongst whom you have been fed and clothed and cared for, are your best friends. Without their sympathy and help yours is a hapless and hopeless lot. For a century at least you and your posterity may be well satisfied with little knowledge of books and more knowledge of farming and cooking and like industries. Keep aloof from polities and vote, if at all, with your white neighbor. Don't be ambitious to get into the jury box and to figure on the police force. Study industry and economy, and strive to show yourselves worthy of your citizenship by the acquirement of those cardinal virtues, sobriety and

honesty. Then your freedom may prove a blessing, and not a blighting curse to both races. Your future, now dark with lowering tempests, may become brighter than it now seems to your wisest friends. This, whatever you may think is a hopeful picture. Knowing, as we do, your true place in the universe and your probable destiny as seen in the light of history, we fear that even this golden vision is as vain as the "fancies of a sick man's dream."

We might desist at this point, but our task is not done yet. The Paine Institute, which Dr. Haygood champions with accustomed zeal, is chiefly of local interest and does not come properly within the scope of this general discussion. Indeed the project as to the main purpose of it is not a new thing under the sun. If we are not mistaken other churches besides the Methodist have attempted something in that direction. However that may be the Paine Institute was inaugurated by the late General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, to assist a particular colored church in the education of negro preachers and teachers. We do not believe in the infallibility of a General Conference nor did the Fathers, or else we would have had no restrictive rules. We are quite sure they committed a blunder in sending around amongst the Annual Conferences the proposition to strike off the suffix *South* from the corporate name of the Church. This was done in part it would appear to gratify a few Lindley Murrays of the Conference who ignorantly regarded it as ungrammatical, and a yet larger number who thought it sectional if not war-like. This we think was unwise. It will inevitably raise an issue that will greatly distract our membership. If carried it will certainly produce more or less disruption. A blind man can see "that the logic of it is unification of the two Methodisms." Whether the General Conference perpetrated a blunder in the establishment of Paine Institute is a question we are not prepared to answer. We are disposed to think that our really meritorious *protege* the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church of America, will gravitate to another centre. Our connection with it was provisional from the

outset. But the enterprise drags and this is largely due to unwise methods of advocacy. It has been greatly hindered by needless complications with other problems. We mean no disrespect when we express our belief that a lurking suspicion that Doctor Haygood was its God-father has not materially helped its fortunes. It is well officered, and we shall cheerfully contribute to its support if it is kept to its proper work. If on the other hand the support of Paine's Institute in anywise involves the endorsement of Doctor Haygood's personal views on the negro question or similar views, we are safe in saying that the great body of Southern Methodists everywhere will repudiate it squarely and emphatically. We favor the largest liberty of conscience and of speech on all questions that may arise. Doctor Haygood is unquestionably sincere and upright, but notwithstanding his acknowledged ability and deserved prominence in the past, he has ceased to be a representative in this matter of Georgia Methodism.

We have not polled the North Georgia Conference on this question. For aught we know personally his views may be acceptable to the majority, but it is well to consider that there is a Georgia Methodism outside the bar of the Annual Conference: a host of good men and true, who sustain our ministry and various Church enterprises whose convictions are not to be despised. For their sakes and as well as for the peace of our whole Zion, we have labored in all kindness to Doctor Haygood and yet with a supreme deference to the right to vindicate the truth of history. Nor have we hesitated both to refute and to rebuke those teachings and tendencies of his social philosophy which are fraught with ruin to our distinctive Southern civilization. Doctor Haygood has at times sneered at the characteristics of Southern civilization in the presence of large assemblages. He has said a good deal of our provincialism and lack of literature. If we mistake not he has said that the little nutmeg State of Connecticut produced more and better poets in a single decade than the entire South in a century. If he prefers the hysterical rhyming of Mrs.

Sigourney to the exquisite poetry that Mrs. Bryan and French have occasionally written—if he even admires the third-class poetry of Pierrepont, or even the higher song of Halleck and Percival—more than Poe and Timrod and Hayne and Sidney Lanier—we shall think less of his critical faculty than of his statesmanship. Doctor Haygood's opinion on such a subject is of little worth. We do regret, however, that he repeats these attacks on Southern literature from his pulpit throne at Oxford to a mixed multitude of villagers and college students. While at the same time he magnifies Northern literature which, with a heavy advantage over the South in population, can barely show a score of prose writers who rise above the level of Grub-street authorship.

Our characteristic civilization is such as no Southern man need be ashamed of. It has its defects, and that too in the direction that Doctor Haygood suggests. But take it in all its phases it is unquestionably nearer akin to the civilization of the ancient Greek Republics and to Rome in her palmiest days than any other civilization of modern times.

We henceforth take leave of “Our Brother in Black.” It was, we think, an untimely literary birth. Better for the author and the country if it had never been written. It may not share the fate of the magical books of the Ephesians or of the mythical Alexandrian Library—most likely it will be classed fifty years hence, if it survives, amongst the “Curiosities of Literature.” With less argumentative force than Helper's “Irrepressible Conflict,” with less philosophical acumen than Theodore Parker's “Anti-Slavery Discourses”—it has only been less mischievous in its effects than the fiery orations of Wendell Phillips and the “Uncle Tom's Cabin,” of Mrs. Stowe, because the author of it was lacking both in the inspiration of the orator and the genius of the novelist.

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